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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 28, 1987 40 CENTS

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Next week

ST. LOUIS SPIRIT bubbles as the astounding Cardinals continue to dominate the National League. William Leggett gives a close-up look at this ever-popular baseball team

"TRICKY TOMMY" he is called by his enemies. UCL A's Prothro is tricky, but, as Melvin Dinslag points out, he also is one of the brightest college football coaches in the U.S.

STRIPED BASS, favorite of the saltwater angler, provide Stanley Melkoff an artist and spearfisherman, with the subjects for paintings that reveal their eerie underwater color

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There is a new book in the stores this week called *The Wonderful World of Sport*, and if that sounds familiar to some of our older readers, there is a good reason. In the early days of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that was the name given a weekly pictorial section of the magazine. Some of the spectacular sports photographs that appear in this new book were reprinted from that section. The whole book is designed to present to the most casual reader, in the words of Sid James, who conceived and edited it, "the very essence of the sport this magazine has celebrated." Sid was the first managing editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and my predecessor as publisher. He took on the task of editing *The Wonderful World of Sport* before moving last June to Washington, where he functions as a vice-president of Time Inc., representing the corporation's interests in the nation's capital. "We divided the material into the chapters," says Sid, "The Moment Preserved, The Crowd, The Violent Action, The College Coach, The Superstars, and so on

—and I was surprised at my own mental processes, because so many topics came instantly to mind in each division."

The Wonderful World of Sport serves as a fitting transition in Sid's career. In his 38 years with Time Inc. he has worked as a stringer in his native St. Louis (where his father was a distinguished writer on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*), a National Affairs writer for *Time*, Assistant Managing Editor of *Time*, and a bureau chief and correspondent for both magazines in Chicago and Los Angeles. Until now, aside from occasional assignments in his days writing politics, James has spent little time in Washington. President Eisenhower appointed him to the executive committee of the Council on Youth Fitness, which called for regular visits to the capital. President Kennedy asked him to come to Washington to head up the President's Council on Physical Fitness, but the invitation came at the moment Sid was taking over as publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and he regretfully declined. Thus far, getting settled in Washington has not given him much chance to enjoy the two sports, sailing and golf, that occupied his leisure time in his old home at Rye, N.Y. though he is still president of the ancient Apawamis Country Club there. In the meantime, work on *The Wonderful World of Sport* has come to mean to him the equivalent of the excitement of challenge in sport. Sid says that to distill the spirit of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would be akin to pinching a no-hit game or making a hole in one, or running a kickoff back for a touchdown. "If this effort has come even close to capturing between covers the essence of this lively magazine's world—glory be."



EDITOR JAMES DISPLAYS THE BOOK

Garry Yalk

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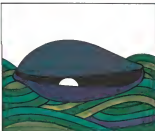
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and the Directors
of the Sierra Club

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In describing the purpose of the Sierra Club, its Executive Director, David Brower, said this: "We shall seek a renewed stirring of love for the earth; we shall urge that what man is capable of doing to the earth is not always what he ought to do; and we shall plead that all Americans, here, now determine that a wide, spacious, untrammelled freedom shall remain in the midst of the American earth as living testimony that this generation, our own, had love for the next."

This is not only a vision that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** shares but one that we wish to salute on the occasion of the 75th Anniversary of the Sierra Club. (It was founded by John Muir, whose efforts made Yosemite a national park. Its membership has grown to 54,000 members.)

Accordingly, it is our particular pleasure to tell you about—and invite you to attend—a special Sierra Club exhibit in New York at the **TIME & LIFE Building**. Subject of the photographic survey is the effort to conserve the fast-disappearing wild lands throughout America today.*

*Among the conservation campaigns now being waged are the following: **GRAND CANYON** (to keep the great river that cuts the canyon undammed and the canyon's beauty unmarred); **REDWOODS** (to save the best of the remaining redwood lands as a national park); **NORTH CASCADES** (to create an adequate national park in "America's Alps" and save a superb wilderness from damage by open-pit mining); **STORM KING** (to protect the sacred Hudson River Gorge from damage by a hydro-electric plant); **WILDERNESS AREAS** (to designate the best remaining wild areas in the public domain for protection under the Wilderness Act); **OTHER NATIONAL PARKS** (to save park status for Kluai in Hawaii, Glacier Bay in Alaska, and other areas whose highest use is as parkland for our exploding population); **A NATIONAL TRAILS SYSTEM** (to encourage Americans to hike more).

For more information about the Sierra Club, write 1250 Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104 or A-23 Biltmore Hotel, New York, 10017

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Jack Turpin has won state and national tennis championships over the last 24 years.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN WEISER



JACK A. TURPIN, 36, President of the "Mark Communities Corporation, Dallas, Texas

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SCORECARD

BLINDERS ON

In a disputed purchase, the University of Kentucky has been awarded the late Elizabeth Arden Graham's Maine Chance Farm, 720 acres of rich lands that lie just outside of Lexington in the very heart of the rolling Bluegrass country. The university also owns 2,100 acres adjacent to Maine Chance—lands that are standing more or less idle, with pigs instead of Thoroughbreds as tenants. Someday, says the university, it might use its new property to contain an equine research institute. But these plans are distant, and their value to Fayette County—which gets not a cent of land taxes from school property—and to the entire Kentucky horse-breeding industry are tentative and somewhat random.

These conclusions are relatively even more evident since Rex Ellsworth, the California breeder and owner, heads a syndicate that also wants to buy the property—and use it. Not only would Ellsworth bring his 700 head of horses from California, but he also plans to invest \$3.5 million more in improvements that would immediately benefit the community and the horsemen. One plan, for instance, calls for a year-round public training track.

He also wants to conduct yearling sales. Nearby Keeneland at present has a state monopoly on such sales, and has so staunchly supported the university's purchase that it has been named a co-defendant in a \$30 million restraint-of-trade suit that Ellsworth filed last week. His group originally bid \$1,942,000—\$58,000 less than the university's offer—but Ellsworth maintains that he had an understanding with the executors that he could raise his bid if it were topped. The option was never honored. Curiously, the attorney for the bank handling the transaction and for the Keeneland and Breeder Sales Co. is the same man. Ellsworth has now raised his bid to \$2,058,000 but has received no response.

The university avers it will hold on to its new acquisition. Whenever the "proposed equine research institute" is at

last placed on the marvelous fallow lands, it might be appropriate for the initial research project to examine the decline of the Kentucky horse industry.

THE KING'S NEW SUIT

Moralists who study swinging England should find interest in the latest British athletic rationale. In one pronouncement, the Channel Swimming Association has declared that Linda McGill, a 21-year-old Australian, will not be permitted to swim the Channel in the buff. Whether nude or even just plain old topless, says the CSA, Miss McGill will not check out to standards of "appropriate swimming costume." Miss McGill thinks hanning the skinny-dip trip as a raw deal, and plans to push off anyway sometime in the next couple of weeks—attired in goggles, cap and a coat of grease.

At the same time British tennis pooh-bahs are unofficially examining a plan that originated in Germany whereby a category of so-called "authorized amateurs" would be established. This reform (that's what they call it) would permit amateurs to license themselves as "authorized." They could then play for cash legally—just as they are doing now illegally—and yet they would still be accepted as 100% amateur. Having wallowed in authorized hypocrisy for so long, tennis apparently can now find no way out of its morass except through an even more ridiculous evasion of reality.

But the opportunities for this new morality are boundless. Surely Miss McGill can convince the CSA to let her proclaim herself an "authorized swimmer"—one who is quite naked, but who shall be accepted as dressed. Besides, the tax boys may be after the tennis players, but who's going to tell on Mrs. McGill?

SEE AND SKI

There will be no snow around next month when the '68 Olympic ski runs at Grenoble are first tested, but International Ski Federation (FIS) President Marc Hodler shrugs that off. "What is important on the ski runs," he says, "is

not so much the snow, but what is below." Also around, The element of nature that concerns Hodler the most at Grenoble is not snow but fog. Already the FIS has made alternate fog-date plans for the downhill competition, for the fog comes upon the Chamrousse area like a giant blob and then crouches there for days on end, as thick as the broth that is usually only found lurking about cemeteries in horror movies.

One efficient fog dispenser has been developed (hooray!) but, alas, the chemical solution works by condensing the fog and turning it into a wet slop on the ground (thru!) The choice Olympians may have: bank into the fog bank or schuss into the slush.

THE SUMMER THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE

There has never been so dreary a summer on the eastern seaboard—day upon cloudy day. Oils, lotions and gaudy beach towels lie in sullen heaps in the variety stores. Lifeguards, who usually possess skins of mahogany by now, report getting burned on the rare days the



sun does peek through. Lifetime friends—not to mention families—have become frenzied, locked together for whole weekends in murky beach cottages. The trauma of returning to the city, ghostly white, has shattered egos throughout megalopolis. That familiar office institution, the Monday Morning Once-Over (MMOO), where proud possessors of weekend skans the color of regulation footballs-match bare arms, disap-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

peared early in this strange, dark summer.

From Virginia Beach to Cape Cod sun time has been measured at new lows. Ocean City, Md. has seen the dark days kill business 20% to 30%. Rentals are only 60% of capacity on the Cape. At Falmouth parking and locker fees—directly related to beach population—are off 25%. And even that is not a true indication of the sunlessness, since many weekenders, like moths to a flame, must go on the beach once they are near one. This sad '67 type has been evident in legion, all summer—huddled, dazed and caked with a superfluous lotion. Friends sometimes recognize their plight, say that now familiar expression: "They've had too much cloud," and cart the pallid fellows inside.

HOW NOW, FLOWER POWER?

"Hip" and its related terms were not originally taken from the dialects of languid jazz musicians or soulful Negroes, as is commonly assumed—particularly by the peace-loving types who embrace "hippie" as their own definition. The hippies may, in fact, be surprised to learn that the name has a rather violent origin. Wrestling matches in the British countryside were responsible for the term, San Francisco Etymologist Peter Tamony says, and the expression also moved into boxing, where it stayed until the Marquess of Queensberry removed some of the bestiality from the sport.

"British country-wrestling is a stand-up art," Tamony writes. "A contest ends when any part of the body, except the soles of the feet, touches the ground. Of the several methods employed to effect this conclusion, the simplest is to get an opponent *on the hip*." Tamony describes this as a "cross-buttock" hold. One who had another on the hip was in command of the situation, and the expression moved into the vernacular that way. "Now infidel," Shylock told Antonio, "I have you on the hip." The Shakespearean audience was, presumably, hip to Antonio's plight.

You dig history, Baby? Biff! Pow!

FANTASYLAND

The drive has been heightened in New Orleans to see which public official can dispense the most aimless, unsubstantiated flood of rhetoric. This week's titlist is Dave Dixon, the executive secretary of the Louisiana Stadium and Exposition District. Dixon states that having a ma-

continued

End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Cheap" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



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SCORECARD *Continued*

gor league baseball franchise in New Orleans "would be a waste of time for the new stadium." He would prefer a modest little summer festival combining the best of 1) Disneyland, 2) Expo 67, 3) the New York World's Fair, 4) pro football and 5) the Mardi Gras.

Digging deep into an old bag of clichés to attack baseball, Dixon says. "In an election year, it will take real courage for a politician to recognize that baseball is a dying sport." Coming at a time when St. Louis has just completed a single home stand that itself attracted more than half a million fans, when attendance in the American League is at a record pace and when NBC has just paid \$50 million for a new baseball contract, Dixon's statement is absolutely right—it would take wild courage for a politician to assume such a stance.

BARRE

The highest new act in Las Vegas is a 6' 10", 212-pound, size-14-shoe heavyweight named Barrie McLellan. He comes from Liverpool, but he claims his mother is Jewish and his father is a Mexican named Abarado. Let's hill him as The Ecumenical Hope.

Barrie is also a handsome young man, just 21, and when he is not gulping down a dozen cheeseburgers a day at the local eatery where he works as a dishwasher-husboy, he likes best of all to dance with "wee tiny" girls. He got to Vegas by hitchhiking from Houston, though he was detained in Boulder City by suspicious cops who just could not believe that a 6' 10" heavyweight with a British accent could really be thumbing through Nevada.

McLellan is awkward, but he has won his first two Vegas fights by knockouts. He says he has never been knocked out in 100 amateur bouts and five or six pro fights all over England.

The British Boxing Board of Control has no record of McLellan, but he says having that is just because he fought mostly in "private" or unsanctioned shows. And he is not surprised that no one remembers him. Why should they, he asks. He was only 6' 6" then.

BARRY

Having been granted the injunction that bars Rick Barry from playing with the American Basketball Association Oakland Oaks this season, San Francisco Warrior Owner Franklin Mueli has now

pressed his advantage and filed a \$4.5 million damage suit against the Oaks and Owner Pat Boone. The towering figure ("ridiculous," Boone says) was obviously selected with one eye on the possible shock value. Listing of 20,000 shares of Oaks' stock at \$100 each had just been approved, and the massive suit put an immediate damper on stock sales. Several substantial Oakland stock prospects were willing to buy, but now they say they are "waiting."

So too, is Barry taking careful time to decide if he will play this season with the Warriors. It would be a terribly discomforting and difficult season if he did decide to join the Warriors, but it would be even worse, perhaps, if this marvelous and exciting athlete sat out a full season in the prime of his career.

The most agreeable solution would be for the Warriors to sell Barry to one of the NBA's new expansion teams, San Diego or Seattle. He would be a great boost for that team's first season—financially and on the court. The Warriors would make a little money off the sale, the Oaks would not have to pay his salary. Barry's four or five visits in San Francisco would provide sufficient opportunity for those in the Bay Area who view him as either devil or angel to renew their acquaintance with him and vent their respective emotions upon him in the manner to which they are accustomed. These appearances in San Francisco would not, however, be so numerous as to smother any burgeoning interest in the Oaks. Everyone would seem to profit. And Rick Barry would play basketball, which is what this is still all about.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Pettit, ex-St. Louis Hawk basketball pro now a banker in Baton Rouge: "There's no easier way to make a living than being a pro athlete. It spoils people. You make more money than you'll probably ever make, establish a high standard of living and get a lot of publicity. Then, all of a sudden, you wake up and realize you have to go to work for a living."

• Steve Zepala, newlywed Syracuse football player, answering Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's request to list his preference for a roommate: "My wife."

• Bob Brown, Green Bay Packer 6' 5", 265-pound tight end: "I don't know how strong I am. I'm not much for weight lifting. Give me a quarterback, halfback or a fullback instead."

END



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Never known for a reluctance to voice an opinion, Manager Eddie Stanky of the Chicago White Sox uses these pages to get off a few withering blasts at some favorite targets while warmly complimenting his own hustling ball club

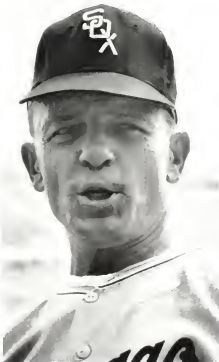
BETTER FROM THE NECK UP

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by EDDIE STANKY with WILLIAM LEGGETT

A messenger is cooked if he messages from fear. . . . No messenger gets paid enough.

The Detroit Tigers should be 10 games ahead by now. . . . I did not lock Vice-President Humphrey out of my clubhouse.



Lately I've had the strange feeling that I'm living in nothing more than one immense, never-ending misunderstanding, and I'd like to take this opportunity to get across Eddie Stanky's side of some of the controversies I've been involved in. It seems the sports editors chop off most of my quotes to tighten up a story.

First off, I did not lock Vice-President Hubert Humphrey out of my clubhouse in Minnesota, as was so widely and inaccurately reported. Here is what actually happened. We were playing Minnesota with first place at stake. With the

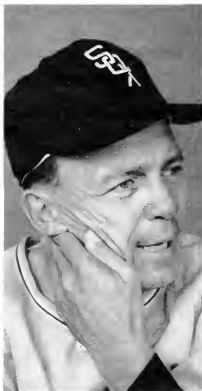
Twins ahead 1-2 in the ninth inning, my center fielder, Tommie Agee, led off with a drive off the left-field fence, and he tried to make third with a triple. The third-base umpire could not get back in from the outfield in time, so Umpire Bill Valentine, working the plate, called the play and signaled that Agee was out. I thought he was safe. I also thought that Valentine was out of position and not close enough to third to call the play. I hit the top step of the dugout, fired my cap and really went after Valentine. Agee was so mad he jumped straight up in the air like a rocket off a launching pad, and Grover

Resinger, my third-base coach, was down on his knees picking up handfuls of dirt and slamming them to the ground. When I got through saying what I had to say, I went back to the dugout and sat down. Valentine then made a slight gesture indicating that I had been thrown out of a game for the fifth time this season. He hadn't told me that I had been thrown out and nobody in the press box had seen any indication that I had been booted. Then, one out later, Ron Hansen hit a long drive to left field that missed being a home run when it curved foul by only a couple of feet. So

continued



Before we started the season I told my players, "Opening day to closing day, you belong to me."



we lost, and that's the way we fell out of first place, after two months and two days leading the league.

When you lose a game like that and first place with it, you feel upset, very upset. I shut the clubhouse door to give the players a cooling-out period. I told the clubhouse guard that *nobody* was to be allowed in until I gave the O.K.—and by that I meant the press. You have to do that or else you or one of your players might pop off to the press about the umpires. Vice-President Humphrey was at the game that day, and he had gone down to congratulate the Twins on their win. He decided that he would also like to pay a visit to our clubhouse and send a man ahead to clear the way. The advance man was told, "Nobody is allowed into the clubhouse, and that means *nobody*."

I never heard a word about it until I picked up the afternoon papers the next

day and there was a story saying that Eddie Stanky had snubbed the Vice-President of the United States. Beautiful! Does anyone think that a manager of a big-league baseball team is stupid enough to refuse entry to the Vice-President of the country? All I wanted kept out was the press until my players had cooled off. After I read the story I sent Mr. Humphrey a wire of explanation and apology. But everybody read in the papers that I had snubbed the Vice-President.

Only a couple of days before I took that rotten rap, Joe Sparna of Detroit said that I fined my pitchers for not hitting batters on other teams. He also said that he'd like to throw a ball at me in the dugout and hit me. I gather that for some reason Sparna does not like me. I don't suppose it could possibly be because when he was brushing back our hitters in a game last year one of our pitchers, Bruce Howard, took offense and brushed Sparna back, could it? Sparna is one of those pitchers with the reputation, "Stay close to him and you'll beat him." He tends to weaken when games get tough. He did it once against us already this year. Detroit can have all the super pitching coaches in the world like Johnny Sain to help the staff, but I don't know how much Sain can help a guy like Joe Sparna.

Detroit should be 10 games in front now. They were the best team I saw in spring training. They have Denny McLain, who has won 16 games, and Earl Wilson, who has won 16, and even Sparna has won 12. They have a good outfield, and they have the best defensive infield and catcher in the league. To me Bill Freehan is their most valuable player. But they haven't got my Hoyt Wilhelm and Don McMahon, Bob Locker or Wilbur Wood. It eats away at a team like Detroit when those big hitters of theirs with more than 20 homers apiece last year see a 44-year-old man like Wilhelm or a 37-year-old like McMahon come in from the bullpen and choke off those big bats. They hate to lose to my "dull" ball club, with its team batting average of .230, but they know that we hang tough and that we sneak out of town with a little bag of victories. So far we have played 46 games that have been decided by one run and we've won 30 of them, and I'll take that percentage any time. So will my players. They know how

to play this game from the neck up, and more pennants are won from the neck up than from the neck down. We're better from the neck up than any other team in contention. And these players performed this way before I took over two years ago. This is a tribute to the White Sox minor league system.

We have been the type of ball club that has to be alert for signs, and the majority of our players are. With us a missed sign can cost us, because we have to take every advantage that is offered. We have to be aggressive. The White Sox make errors, but they battle the ball and they are not afraid to take errors. They don't give you that one-handed stuff like Zoilo Versalles of Minnesota and Dick McAuliffe of Detroit do to avoid being charged with errors. Those fellows may fool the official scorers, but they aren't fooling anybody who knows anything about the game.

Because I've come out in the open like this, people are going to accuse me of putting a jinx on the White Sox. I don't believe in jinxes or whammies any more than I believe that there is such a thing in baseball as a "hard-luck pitcher." I don't carry a rabbit's foot, and when I walk down the street—and all Slinkys walk fast—I don't skip over the cracks. No jinx is going to beat a team out of a pennant.

The Twins were in first place at the end of last week, but Harmon Killebrew has not been hitting lately. As far as I'm concerned, you can have Killebrew and Allison and Versalles and Rollins. Cesar Tovar is the Twins' most valuable player. You've got a better chance making a trade for Killebrew than Tovar. If something happens in center field, Tovar goes in there, and the same is true for third, short or second. Even if he caught, he'd be the same Tovar with the bat in his hands. He wants to put on a pair of spikes. I grant that the Twins have a stopper in Dean Chance, and they have the left-handers, and you need those during the stretch. And their bullpen is well balanced. But if Tovar gets hurt, they are in trouble.

For a while it looked like the California Angels had the best momentum, but that seems to have slowed down. They have the best double-play combination in Jim Fregosi and Bobby Knoop, and that Fregosi is a money player. Manne



I gather that Joe Sparna does not like me. He said I fined pitchers for not hitting batters.

Rojas and Bill Kelso are good relief pitchers, and I think that Jim McGlothlin is among the best young pitchers I've ever seen anywhere. Bob Rodgers is a fine mechanical catcher, but it remains to be seen if Don Matcher and whoever plays third for them will turn out to be a detriment.

The Red Sox know how to play at home, where they have 17 games in September. They know how to hit that short wall in left field. It looks like Jim Lonborg is a stopper, and Lee Stange has been pitching well for them lately. The Red Sox are a contending team this year because for five years everybody knew that they had the best young players down on the farms, and it was about time a couple of them grew up.

On August 31 we start a four-game series against the Red Sox in Boston, and because of what happened when we last played in Fenway in the middle of June I am more than just a little worried about it. That series in June was filled with various forms of dramatics, including an umpire who called a home run foul against us without leaving the dirt part of the infield at second base. I argued, and when I got back to the dugout there were about 20 to 25 kids peppering me with beer cans from the top of the dugout. I would estimate their ages at from 10 to 15. I was only lucky I didn't get hit. Now, I might be able to understand that type of stuff coming from some frustrated bartender, but the kids are supposed to be the meat of our country. Kids doing this to a major league manager at those ages? The park wasn't policed sufficiently. The next morning I called my wonderful wife, Dickie, in Chicago and told her that if anything happened to me to sue Tom Yawkey, the owner of the Red Sox, and Marvin Miller, the adviser for the players, who is supposed to protect them and does little but give speeches. Mr. Yawkey must have a deeper feeling for his ducks, turkeys and wild pheasants on his farm in South Carolina than he does for his players, because he's got to spend more money protecting them than the people who perform in Fenway Park.

After I had been so rude as to complain about this lack of protection and possible loss of life and limb, a captain of the Boston police force showed up after the game the next night and said he would escort me from my clubhouse to



Grover Razing, my third-base coach, angrily slammed dirt on the ground when Tommie Agon (jumping in the air behind the umpire) was called out at third base. I was upset, too.

the team bus. I was so exasperated all I could do was look at him and say, "Captain, I'm in civilian clothes now."

This thing with the kids seems to be getting more and more widespread, and something forceful must be done about it. Before a game recently in Baltimore I was walking no more than 25 feet from my dugout when these two kids in the fourth row hollered, "Eddie Stanky, you stunk!" I froze in my tracks and then I walked over to them. I asked one of them to tell me how old he was, and he said, "Fourteen." I asked him if he realized what he had said, and his answer was, "Yeah." I told him that I had an 11-year-old son who, if he had heard him saying those things, would beat his head in. The kid dropped his head in shame. But these things disgust me mostly because it is a reflection on the parents.

One of my greatest faults may be that I put baseball on too high a pedestal. But that's the way I am and I'm not going to change at the age of 48. My shining hour will not come when my players win the pennant but when one, or both, of my two fine sons plays in the major leagues. I feel so strongly about baseball on the major league level that every time a major league club plays a minor league club

I think it should win by 20-0 because it is a major league club. Of the millions of kids who play the game, only 500 can make it to the major leagues at one time — 500! But to dedicated baseball people, to those who give their life's blood to it — and there are plenty of them — certain things come up that bring shame to it at times and others come up that are funny and bewildering.

People say that I talk too much about the "new breed" of ballplayer, but the "new breed" ballplayer is here to stay. He is intelligent enough to be planning an estate for his family, and he's much better off than players were when I was playing. I kid my players about the new breed, and the Gary Peters and the Tommy Johns and even the Ken Boyers kid me back and call me the "new breed" manager.

A couple of weeks ago in Minnesota there was an example of how the new breed speaks. Boyer pulled a muscle in his leg going after a ground ball. The following morning he could barely get out of bed, and he had trouble putting his trousers on. He got to the park early so our trainer could work on it. Peters walked into the training room and asked Kenny how he felt. "It hurts, Gary,"

continued

Boyer said "That's what happens when you get old," said Peters. "That's right, Gary," said Boyer, "that's what happens when you get old." That conversation would never have transpired years ago without somebody getting very mad. You wouldn't dare tell a player he was getting old. But things like that don't worry Gary Peters and Ken Boyer. They're new-breeders, even though Peters is 30 and Boyer 36. I admire them.

But there are other elements of the new breed that I plainly do not understand. There's this thing about the uniforms. It has me baffled. Some of them wear their pants so tight they can barely move in them, and although there is a league rule which states that the stocking stirrups cannot be cut over six inches high, the rule is violated left and right. These tight uniforms and the high stocking stirrups are supposed to be sex symbols. But when one of the symbols has to slide into second base and the pants rip, the game must be stopped so the new-breeder can run off the field and have the trainer put adhesive tape over the rip in the knee. Now, to a 48-year-old man like me, it seems that more of a sex symbol would be to have the knee exposed so that all the girls could see it, but that isn't so. I guess I'm really not the new-breed manager that some say I am.

Some of my players may get mad at me because of some of my rules, but I don't want to hear about it. I insist on certain things being done, because of that pedestal. I've told some of them that they pay more for their alpaca sweaters than I do for suits, and I'm glad that they can afford them. But they better not try to get on the airplane or go into the hotel dining room with one of those pretty sweaters on, not as long as they play for me. There are only 500 major-leaguers, remember, and they can wear a coat and tie.

I guess it is part of the era we live in, but today too many people have the attitude of "let's get away with as much as we can." The trouble with a baseball player who tries to do that is that he gets himself caught too easily. Normally this guy kills himself by the fourth day of spring training, and a manager doesn't have to be too sharp to get him. Of course, when you confront him, then you are not the type of manager who can handle sensitive players—you're mean,

you're Bratman! I can't go for guys who try to play games with me. It's the major leagues. The guy who tries to play games with the manager is invariably the one who isn't concentrating, the one who blows a sign when it is imperative that he get it. This fellow turns out to be a cancer to the team, and it's best to get rid of him as soon as you see the telltale early indications.

One of the things that burns me up more than anything else is the failure of a healthy player to slide. A good ball-player enjoys sliding, and an awful lot of things can happen to help his team when a man is sliding into a bag. When I was a player I wanted to get one star because he was cheating the public by not sliding. Time and again I'd seen him fail to slide when he should have, and finally I got my chance to show him up. There were two outs and he was at first. The ball was hit to third and thrown to me at second for the force that would end the inning. I could see that he wasn't going to slide, so I dropped the ball deliberately. He was upright, and he ran right past the bag. I picked up the ball and tagged him out.

Before we started this season I said to my players, "From opening day to closing day you belong to me." That's a very possessive statement, but it has to be that way with me. I've always said that a manager is instrumental in winning from eight to 15 games for a team if he is a good manager and if he starts managing right from the first day of spring training. Spring training is when a manager makes his big decisions and when he builds his club stone by stone until he has a house that he thinks is strong enough to stand the storms that come up in a 162-game schedule. And if a manager is fortunate enough to have high-caliber coaches as I do—coaches who get the players into shape and mentally alert during spring training—then he is one step ahead of the rest of the teams. But the manager is cooked if he manages from fear of being second-guessed by his own fans or his front office or the press. You have to be confident. Casey Stengel could make a bad play and then tell the press a funny story and it would all be forgotten about. Casey made as many bad plays as anybody, and he got to the Hall of Fame.

Nobody knows all there is to know

about this game, and when you find a manager who thinks he does he's on his way out. You'd be surprised how many managers you find who have closed minds to certain situations. Some will never play for a tie on the road, and others will never let the pitcher lead off an extra inning as a hitter at home. If a man opens an extra inning with a triple, some men will automatically walk the next two, regardless of the hitters involved. I'll violate every one of those rules if I think the situation is right.

Nobody really gets paid enough to manage in the major leagues, and when I say that I'm not hunting that I'm underpaid, I'm managing because I enjoy the job, the arena. Anybody who manages in the majors has to know that from the time the game begins until it ends he is completely happy in his heart. Chicago will be my last major league city as a manager, but I'm going to manage here for seven or eight more years. I'm saying that because last year General Manager Ed Short and Owner Arthur Allyn were so overwhelmed with my good public-relations work that they renewed my contract through 1969. To me that's the only way to tell a manager thanks for a job well done. I'm saying that because only one thing could get me to resign, and that would be if my wonderful wife wanted me to. If I were to be relieved of my duties I'd go back to instructing youngsters in baseball, a field in which I spent many enjoyable and rewarding years. I have no desire to be a general manager or the president of a team. And I'm not going to be one of those guys who gets into the musical-chairs routine of going from one club to another as a manager.

There is no pressure in sports that can compare to the day-in day-out pressure of fighting for a pennant. The pro golfer gets in two practice rounds, maybe three, on the course he is going to play, and then maybe—just maybe—he has to putt from 20 feet on the last day of the tournament to win \$20,000. After that he can go on to the next stop or take a couple of weeks off if he wants. In football there's a week of practice between games, and practice isn't like playing. You haven't got that 24-hour thing after you, that pressure, that feeling that you might lose in 19 innings and then have to get on a plane and arrive in some hotel at 4:30 in the morning.

I hope that when I compare the pressures of a pennant race to the pressures of the Super Bowl people will not think that I am denigrating football. Just like everyone else I watched the Super Bowl this winter and was again fascinated by Vince Lombardi, a man whom I have never met but would like to meet very much. You can tell that things go deep with Mr. Lombardi. He looks like an independent and totally dedicated man who has the courage of his own convictions. Mr. Lombardi doesn't seem to care whether he is well liked. He's a fundamentalist and his teams do not beat themselves. I have a feeling that if he were to manage a baseball team he would become as great as John McGraw. When his team won that Super Bowl and the players gave him that game ball, he was a proud man. He's got that killer instinct. I had the feeling that he wanted to win by 99-0. I've never met Bear Bryant, even though I've lived in Mobile, Ala., since 1942, but I'd like to meet him someday, too. He gets young boys to learn enough dedication so that they would run through brick walls for him. The only difference between Bear Bryant and myself is that I just live in the state and live runs it.

My players have heard all the knocks about the White Sox and so have I. "Losing to the Chicago White Sox is like drowning in three inches of water," or, "Getting beat by Chicago is like being whipped by your baby sister," or, "Seeing the White Sox score a run is like watching paint dry." I know that the knocks on the White Sox and myself are not limited to newspapermen. I understand that Phil Rizzuto, one of three announcers for the New York Yankees, has been ripping me pretty good, and you don't expect that from a former player. Rizzuto has been envious of Joe Garagiola and Jerry Coleman since they have been working with him, and if Phil thinks that he is making a bigger man of himself by ripping, that's O.K. I've heard from former Yankees time and again that Phil Rizzuto was an alibi ballplayer, so a guy like him ripping me isn't going to disturb me.

I understand that within the high councils of the league and among many of its dignitaries virtually nobody wants to see the "dull" White Sox win the pennant. They do not want to see us

win because they have been mesmerized by some of the poison pens in the press box into believing that we are so dull that if we got into the World Series against the National League we would disgrace the league right at a time when it is trying hard to rebuild its image. Well, there is nobody on this team who is about to displace Frank Robinson as the triple-crown winner. Nobody on our club with as many as 300 times at bat is hitting over .250, and we have nobody with as many as 50 runs batted in. Nobody has more than 14 home runs. But we spent two months and two days on top of the league, and the pressure of staying there that long is going to work in our behalf as the race goes down to the finish. The White Sox have played their hearts out, and every time somebody starts to count 10 over their poor little dull bodies, they've bounced back up on their feet.

Within recent weeks the White Sox made a major investment in winning the pennant by obtaining Rocky Colavito and Ken Boyer. Colavito and Boyer have already helped to win several games, and their presence gives us an emotional lift. But the thing to remember is that we were in first place before Rocky and Ken joined us, which means that poor "dull" players like Ron Hansen, Tom McCraw, Ken Berry, Tommie Agee, Pete Ward, Don Buford, Walt Williams, Wayne Causey, J. C. Martin and the rest must have done some things that went unnoticed by those fellows who sit in the press boxes eating hot dogs and drinking beer. They do not knock my pitching staff, though. When you have pitchers like Gary Peters, Joe Horlen, Tommy John, Bob Locker, Fred Klages, Wilbur Wood, Hoyt Wilhelm and Don McMahon, there isn't any way it can be knocked by anybody.

If I wanted to needle some people—and anyone who knows me well realizes that I never needle—it could be brought out that in a *Sporring News* poll only seven of 254 baseball writers picked us to win the pennant and three times that many picked us to finish seventh. I don't want to criticize the league officials or the press and I won't say flatly that we will win, but if you look at the standings in the last desperate week of the season those sixth-place White Sox will be right there near the top, or on it.



Casey Stengel made as many bad plays as anyone and was elected to the Hall of Fame



I told my wife to use Boston's Tom Yawkey if anything happened to me in Fenway Park

FLARING TEMPERS ON WILD EXHIBITION

by MARK MULVOY

What began as an ordinary interleague game between the Eagles and the Jets ended as a grudge fest and a New York loss—the fifth for the AFL



For a while the coaches, Joe Kuharich of the Philadelphia Eagles and Webb Ewbank of the New York Jets, tried to convince everyone that this interleague game was just another exhibition to test their rookies. Then the Jets started to make it a vendetta against "the other league," as they termed the NFL.

"It won't be an exhibition if we play it 10 times," said Jet Defensive Back Jimmy Hudson. "We want to show we belong with them," said teammate Larry Grantham. "I know I was blackballed by the NFL," said Corner Back Johnny Sample, "so you should know what I'm thinking."

Finally even the coaches relented a bit. Ewbank told a rookie who had been catching kickoffs and punts, "I'm not going to hold it against you because you fumbled last week against Kansas City, but I'm not going to start you in this game against Philadelphia." At about the same time Kuharich began to call the game the Poor Man's Super Bowl, "because we're going to be playing for pride and not a whole lot of money."

By the time the game between the Eagles and the Jets began last weekend at Nippert Stadium in Cincinnati, it was not too surprising that the players were thinking of it as something like the Saturday-night fights. The Jets' Sample first of all racked up Timmy Brown of the Eagles, and for several moments the two of them exchanged unprintable epithets at face-mask distance. "Sample always puts his knee in your head to push up on so he can get up," said Brown. "Football," answered Sample, "is not the cleanest game in the world."

Next Mike Ditka, the old straight-arm from Chicago who now plays for the Eagles, went into a pileup, seeking Gerry Philbin of the Jets. The referees wisely intervened midway through the introductions, but even they had no idea that these were only the preliminaries.

The main bout began late in the first quarter when Eagle Israel Lang took a swing pass from Quarterback Norman Sneed and, with a good block from Ditka, ran for nine yards until he was smashed out of bounds by Hudson. Ditka, meanwhile, continued downfield and

Unconvinced, Jet Johnny Sample remains defiant of NFL after being tossed out of game

obliterated Sample with a vicious block. He got to Sample just ahead of Brown who, cutting across the field, tried to hit Sample with a flying forearm but missed.

Now Ditka and Brown were up and squaring off against Sample, who was joined by teammate Cornell Gordon. "Dammit," said Timmy Brown. "I had to miss so many punches in that TV film I made [The Wild, Wild West] that I missed all I threw at Sample." And Ditka said, "If I had hit Sample I would have broken my hand on his face mask." Eventually a semblance of order was restored, and the referees excused the four combatants for the rest of the evening. "Man, as much wrong as I do, they throw me out for nuthin' this time," said Sample. "I wish I had hit someone and justified gettin' kicked out."

Sample played in the NFL for eight seasons, during which time he made more enemies than friends. "They call me a smart guy," he says, "but I play only one way, and I've been a regular for 10 years in pro ball." Sample likes to talk constantly on the field to anyone who might listen. "He kept tellin' me not to have us throw near him," said Brown, "but when someone says that to us we want to throw there more."

Sample was released by all NFL teams in a complicated move a year ago, when he was unable to agree to terms with Otto Graham and the Washington Redskins. "Graham called and said I was getting too much money for a defensive back," said Sample, "so I told him he was making too much money for a coach." A few days later Ewbank, who coached Sample with the Baltimore Colts, signed him to play for the Jets. Sample now insists he is playing exactly the way he used to in the NFL.

The fights, unfortunately, were the most exciting moments of a fairly dull game that exposed AFL football to the city of Cincinnati which, incidentally, will have an AFL franchise for the 1968 season, if, indeed, it still wants one. The Jets led 13-3 at one point in the second quarter, scoring a touchdown, after they captured a five-yard Eagle punt on the Philie 15-yard line, and two field goals. But they already had lost Quarterback Joe Namath because of an inflamed tendon in his left knee, and without Namath the Jets are the New York Titans of the forgotten Bob Scrabbs days.

The Eagles scored two touchdowns within 80 seconds just before the half to take a 17-13 lead, and they went on to win easily 34-19, with such rookies as Dan Berry and the two Harries—Wilson and Jones—playing as though they were back at California and Nebraska and Arkansas.

It was obvious that the Eagles, who went to the NFL's Playoff Bowl last year, were superior in almost every phase of the game to the Jets, who went no place in the AFL after a good start. The pattern has been duplicated in most of the other interleague games that have been played so far, although the Denver Broncos, who have been the worst team in the AFL practically every year since its inception, have defeated both the Detroit Lions and the Minnesota Vikings.

The Eagles had the better players in the Jet game—and more of them. For instance, three regulars in the Eagles' defensive backfield missed the Jet game because of their military commitments. Nevertheless, their replacements, two rookies and a taxi-squad graduate named Bobby Shann, proved practically impenetrable against passes all night. And the Eagles did not seem to miss either Ditka or Brown, while the Jets did miss Sample and Gordon, their good defensive corner backs, and Namath.

The Eagle offensive line protected Quarterback Norman Sneed so well that he rarely was even touched by the Jet defense. The Jet offensive line, trying to protect its quarterbacks, had little more luck than Brink's guards have had lately with money. Four times in the first half Shann got to the passer on a safety blitz—completely untouched by any New York blockers.

Perhaps the major difference between the two teams, and indeed the two leagues, is defense. "When I think about defense," said Ewbank, who coached Baltimore to NFL championships in 1958 and 1959, "I try to compare someone with Gino Marchetti, who played end for the Colts and always was double-teamed. I look around here and see that I don't have a Marchetti, but what can I do about it? Nothing. Just wait for one."

Sitting around the pool at his motel in suburban Cincinnati the night before the game, Philadelphia's Joe Kuharich revealed exactly how he planned

to riddle and baffle the Jet defense.

"Their secondary basically is one that is set up to stop passing," said Kuharich. "So we're going to use some formations that will force them into a new defense and force their secondary to tackle the ballcarriers. One will be a closed double-wing, something the Jets probably caught onto in our films of last week's game against the Vikings. We pull in our two spread backs and put them right behind the ends, who are tight to the tackles. Now we can hit either one with a quick pitch, or work a power reverse or send the setback out behind them. And we can pass deep, too."

The Jets had picked up the formation all right, and they supposedly were prepared to defend against it. "We knew what they were going to do," said Ewbank after the game, "and we kept yelling out there at our guys, but I don't know what happened."

What did happen was that every time the Eagles went into the closed double spread, with Wilson and Jones behind the ends, they picked up seven or more yards at a crack. "Their secondary never knew how to handle it," said Kuharich.

And while the Jets never did blitz, the Eagles continually harassed the Jets with Shann's safety blitz and a six-man line—two linebackers moving up. Namath, who likes to work with his tight end, Pete Lammons, over the middle, completed only three of 10 passes—two of them to Fullback Matt Snell on flares.

"Hey, Lammons," said one of the Jets after the game, "how many passes did you catch?" Lammons answered, "None." "Well, how many times did they throw to ya?" Without thinking, Lammons said, "None. Wait a minute. . . . Twice, in desperation."

Despite the pregame resentments and on-field incidents, most of the players were able to praise the abilities of the opposition. "We made mistakes, sure," said one Jet player, "but they took advantage of everything they did. And they knew what we were going to do all the time." And as Norman Sneed said, "We both hurt each other a little bit."

But although they were somewhat outclassed, the Jets were not disgraced. "You'll notice," said King Hill, the Eagles' injured quarterback who did not play, "there are a lot of 34-19 scores in the NFL during a season." **END**

A NEW 12 AND THREE ALSO-RANS

In a leaning-over-backward effort to be fair, the America's Cup selection committee cautiously held off picking a cup defender, but to less impartial observers the final choice seemed clear

by CARLETON MITCHELL

For pure horrible suspense, the nearest thing to being under a guillotine and looking up is to be the skipper of a 12-meter sloop in the trials to pick a defender for the America's Cup. Month after month water and dollars flow astern in almost equal proportions, then, as the dread moment approaches when the knife must fall, a helmsman suffers from the knowledge that it is not only his neck that is sticking out, but those of his crew, his backers and a host of supporting characters.

To meet the Australian challenge of *Dame Pattie*, survivor of her own elimination trials down under, four American boats assembled last week off Newport, R.I. Behind them lay a set of June encounters in the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound and a July series which had been rendered almost meaningless by bad weather. Six times in 10 days races had been called off because of fog, lack of wind or both. As the *Providence Evening Bulletin* reported, it had been a great summer for thallophytes, mushrooms, molds, mildews, rusts and smuts, but it failed to bring enlightenment to the selection committee of the New York Yacht Club.

Because of all this the final trials took on even more significance than usual. Unquestionably, the pre-series favorite was *Intrepid* (see cover), the latest creation of Olin Stephens, rendered even more formidable by the presence of Emil (Bud) Mosbacher Jr. in the cockpit. Master designer and master helmsman had pooled their vast experience to produce a 12-meter sloop as close to being radical as the measurement rule allowed. To man her, they had assembled a crew worthy of the heat. The combination had proved unbeatable in every match race but one. Yet nobody was forgetting that during the final trials held three years ago for the right to meet the English challenge, there had been a complete reversal of early-season form.

Two former defenders were back last

week: *Constellation*, the victor in 1964, and *Columbia*, which had sparked the revival of interest in America's Cup racing after a lapse of more than two decades by winning the inaugural match in the 12-meter class against *Scepter* in 1958. Workmen were polishing the bottoms of the three Stephens designs as they stood side by side on the ways one rainy midnight awaiting high tide for launching. I saw then that sweeping modifications had transformed the oldest hull into the most modern, if you except the double rudders of *Intrepid*. Later, when she was afloat again, I was taken aboard the old *Columbia* and shown that among her other refinements were a winch and winch pumper below deck, the single-part wire main-sheet leading to a drum only inches above the keel.

Along with the new look on *Columbia* went an old hand at the helm: Briggs Cunningham, who had piloted her to victory in her previous defense of the cup. Taking over from Briggs for starts and acting as tactical adviser was Bill Ficker, former national and world Star class champion.

Constellation, the second in seniority, raised her hopes on a proven ability to point higher and foot faster than any 12-meter ever built, until, of course, *Intrepid* came along. There was the further hope that *Intrepid* might not do as well in rough water as it came on to blow, as she had in lighter going. *Constellation* emerged the list as second-stringer in the same syndicate as her newer rival, but despite this, Skipper Bob McCullough and his crew were conceding nothing. They were able to strip approximately 450 pounds of excess weight off a hull that already seemed hunchback, which made it possible to add more lead down low before final measurement only the morning before the trials.

The Bill Luders-designed *American Eagle*, like *Columbia*, had undergone modification after tank testing. Her

backers reasoned that in point of time her margin of defeat in the '64 trials had been narrow. In hopes of leapfrogging her over *Constellation* to within striking distance of the newest Stephens design, they had adopted two Stephens creations: the sharply wedged keel and the kicker (i.e., small skeg). Her mast had been moved aft to allow higher jibs and

Olin Stephens (left) designed three of the four



spinnakers and her new high-tensile rigging saved weight aloft.

Although new to the 12s, *American Eagle's* skipper, George Hinman, an ex-commodore of the New York Yacht Club and a former selection committee member, had had wide experience in ocean and around-the-buoys racing.

The races were to be sailed over a 24.3-mile Olympic-type course in the shape of a long-based isosceles triangle, yielding three windward legs, two reaches and a run and duplicating as closely as possible the conditions under which the winner would meet the Australian challenger next month.

Although the sun cooperated on the day of the first races, the breeze was reluctant; but after a slight wait the race committee hoisted signals to a light and

spotty southwester. *Columbia* was paired against *American Eagle* in the first division. With no preliminary sparring, both went over the line almost on the gun, one second apart. It was the only time they were close. *Columbia*, her mast flexed into a bow and the boom sheeted down almost to the deck like a small-class racer, ate out to windward. *American Eagle* not only moved more slowly but sagged off to leeward. She compounded her difficulties by running into a patch of even lighter breeze and rounded the first mark five minutes and 39 seconds astern, a disastrous margin that almost doubled before the finish.

Starting 15 minutes later, *Intrepid* and *Constellation* likewise behaved decorously before the gun. Mosbacher put himself between rival Skipper McCullough

and the line, but he was early and had to bear off, allowing *Comme* to go by while administering a dose of backwind. For part of the beat the older boat was able to hold her advantage, but before the weather mark *Intrepid* had broken through. She looked good in every department, squeezing around the marker tug with nothing to spare, showing her navigation was perfect. Her foredeck crew had a spinnaker blossoming almost before the turn was completed.

In earlier races it had been felt that *Intrepid* was not relatively as fast off the wind as on, but she steadily widened the gap on the two reaches, and gained more on subsequent legs to win her division by more than five minutes. The real shocker was that she swept past the committee boat with her knuckled bow, only

continued

boats competing in the final trials off Newport. Here he steps aboard the newest of them, "*Intrepid*," to confer with her skipper, Gus Mosbacher.



46 seconds astern of the sloped transom of *American Eagle*.

Wednesday brought more sun but even less wind. After waiting approximately an hour, *Constellation* and *American Eagle* were sent off as the first pair. Although there was little close maneuvering, at minus-40 seconds Hunman had McCullough blanketed, forcing *Constellation* to jibe. The two boats crossed on opposite tacks at opposite ends of the starting line, *Constellation* almost half a minute behind *Eagle*. Again the Bird was shot down before she got far. When time expired at 6 p.m., automatically making it no official contest, *Eagle* was trailing badly—and once again *Intrepid* was relentlessly closing from behind.

For the second division also, it was no race in the record book, but in the eyes of the selection committee, it may have

been the most interesting encounter of the week. Between the 10- and five-minute guns *Intrepid* lay stern to the line, carrying no jib, wide open to attack, as though daring *Columbia's* starting helmsman, Bill Ficker, to come over and play. Nothing happened then, but later, as Mosbacher reached away, Ficker was in a position to put his bow on *Intrepid's* stern, thus blocking *Bus* from the starting line. *Columbia* failed to take advantage of the opening. Instead, she jibed away. *Intrepid* circled back in leisurely fashion to intercept her return, crossing 39 seconds ahead. Despite being put into a hole, it was apparent to observers that the rejuvenated *Columbia* was moving well. Several tacks failed to put her ahead, but she hung on upwind and for the two reaches. At the third mark, beginning the second weath-

er leg, she trailed by less than a minute and a half. After both came on the wind *Columbia* seemed to be pointing a fraction higher while the new boat footed slightly faster. Combined with a slight lift as the breeze backed, *Intrepid* found herself on *Columbia's* lee bow. Suddenly the wind shifted more into the south, so that *Columbia* was on the inside of a roundup. *Intrepid* was now definitely to leeward and a further shift could put her behind. Good match-racing tactics required *Bus* to tack while he could still cross ahead, even though it meant sacrificing much of his lead if the wind went back. He tacked, crossed by a narrow margin and tacked again on *Columbia's* weather bow.

Basic tactics now dictated that *Columbia* come about immediately, before *Intrepid* had gathered way to respond. This would guarantee clear air by putting her out of phase if a tacking duel was joined. Instead, *Columbia* held on until *Intrepid* had gathered way and her wind shadow was hurtful. Then *Columbia* elected to join battle in a duel of 39 tacks. But she was booked by *Intrepid's* cone of backwind as firmly as a leaping marlin by a 39 thread line. Her deckwork was smart and, had her wind been clear, drama might have been provided again for the 75-boat spectator fleet. As it was, *Columbia* dropped slowly back, a boat definitely beaten before time ran out.

The third race, on Thursday, completed the round robin of pairings. It started in conditions almost identical to the previous two. For the third straight day the race committee logged the wind as south-west by west, six or seven knots. This time it was *Intrepid* versus *American Eagle* in the first division, a contest notable only because Mosbacher was handed a rare drubbing at the start by Hunman. But *Eagle's* moment of glory was brief. With almost embarrassing ease *Intrepid* walked past and away, winning by another whopping margin.

In the second pairing, *Columbia* and *Constellation* were better matched, but *Columbia* finished ahead to win by four minutes 17 seconds.

At long last Friday brought the smoky sou'wester that the fleet had been awaiting. Somewhat to the surprise of many spectators, the race committee went back to the original pairings, *Columbia* versus *American Eagle* and *Intrepid* against *Constellation*. This time the Bird began to fly, especially as the wind grew strong-

continued

"Intrepid" closes astern of her syndicate sister "Constellation" during the first day of the trials.



A man is shown from the chest up, wearing a long-sleeved button-down shirt with a bold plaid pattern in shades of red, teal, and black. He is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light color.

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er, *Columbia* took the start by three seconds, and it remained close. At the beginning of the final leg, to windward, her margin had grown by exactly one minute. *Eagle* began whittling down this scant lead by eating out to windward while moving as fast through the water, finishing 33 seconds astern. Part of *Columbia's* troubles seemed to stem from a nine-ounce mamsal and miterless jib, both of which failed to hold their shape.

Meanwhile, *Intrepid* was reveling in the heavier going. Her snubbed bow stuck out like the chin of an aggressive slugger wading into a brawl. She seemed stiffer than any of her rivals, and had far less tendency to pitch or hobbyhorse. *Constellation*, renowned for the same qualities three years before, now appeared overwhelmed by comparison. Although a spinnaker snafu at the first turn cost *Intrepid* much of the lead she had garnered on the first weather leg, she opened out to win by a substantial margin.

In the process she closed much of the gap on *American Eagle*, just as she had in lighter airs. But in this race *Eagle* was close behind *Columbia*, so what went for one went almost equally for the other.

The next day (Saturday) turned out to be good only for the thallophtes—a wet, clammy fog forcing cancellation of the races. Sunday had already been designated for hauling, so the boats went up on the ways with no decision yet made as to which should be the defender. The two leading contenders were still *Intrepid* and *Columbia*, but a comparison of elapsed times provided a yardstick of their heavy-weather performances.

In cold figures, *Intrepid* sailed the course seven minutes 59 seconds faster, which would work out at almost a mile in distance. Cut in half to allow for differences in the conditions boats might encounter starting 15 minutes apart, it is still an impressive margin.

Before the final trials started, Olin Stephens told me, "I'm not worried how *Intrepid* will go in heavy weather because she is a powerful boat, but I have been a little surprised how well she moves in light airs." Apparently she does well enough in both. While four races and a bumper crop of fungi don't add up to the selection of a defender, I am betting that when the guillotine falls, the head of Bus Moshbacher won't be in the basket to garnish with the mushrooms.

END

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1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
1/4 oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1 1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well in a cocktail glass and decorate with fruit.

GOLDEN CACIOC
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use ice speed for about one-half minute. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MYST
It is a full featured liqueur with a complex flavor. Use 1 oz. Galliano with 1/2 oz. Brandy and 1/2 oz. Orange Juice. Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Restaurant Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Society Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
1/2 oz. Galliano, 1/2 oz. Rum
1/2 oz. Fresh Lime Juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until frothy. (Semi frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 oz. Gin
1 oz. Galliano
1 part Fresh Lime Juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN NEATNER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Action Italy)
1/2 oz. Scotch, 1/2 oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

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**PART 3:
MY LIFE WITH MUHAMMAD ALI**

HE COULD GO TO JAIL AND STILL BE CHAMP

The man who beat Karl Mildenberger 'fighting him wrong' is too young and assured, says Dundee, to be ruined as a boxer if draft troubles put him behind bars

**by ANGELO DUNDEE
with TEX MAULE**



The Patterson fight was, I think, the end of one phase of Ali's career and the beginning of another. There had been some complaints by columnists here and there about his being a Muslim, but it wasn't a big thing to Ali. But because Patterson made it a factor and because that aroused Ali, from the Patterson fight on you read as much about Ali's beliefs as you did about his ability to fight. He didn't change much. He became more aware of being a Muslim and the effect that had on other people, because other people made him aware of it. But in his personal relationship with me he didn't change.

He was just as relaxed as ever and just as fond of practical jokes. Whenever we went on a trip he liked to pull jokes on me. Once we had a hotel suite, with my bedroom on one side of the living room and his on the other. One afternoon when I was out he went to a lot of trouble to string a piece of rope from his room to the venetian blind in my room. Then he waited until I went to sleep and he yanked on the rope and rattled the venetian blind. We were on about the 10th floor and the noise woke me up. I went to the window to see what it was, and of course I didn't see anything. I got back in bed and dropped off, and he did it again and I got up again and by now I was pretty spooked. Things like that worry me. I finally caught on when I heard him laughing in his room.

Another time I woke up in the middle of the night and smelled smoke. I called the hotel manager and he told me nothing was wrong. I went back to sleep and woke up with the room beginning to fill with smoke. I ran out of the bedroom to wake up Ali, and he was in the living room burning a towel and fanning the smoke under the door into my bedroom. Lots of times he'd hide in a closet with a sheet over his head and jump out and holler boo at me because he knows I'm jumpy.

He was a kid then, but since the Muslim thing and the draft have been so emphasized he has lost some of his boyishness. He still is one of the softest touches you ever saw. Money doesn't really mean much to him. He gives it away without

thinking about it. Before the Patterson fight a woman and her two daughters came to Vegas, with the girls dressed up in foreign clothes. Ali was very nice to them. The mother asked Ali if he would take care of them, and he paid their hotel bill. One of the girls even charged a wig and he paid for that, too.

Another time I saw a guy drive up in front of the gym in a Cadillac and get out and come in in a wheelchair. He gave Ali a hard-luck story and Ali gave him some money and he went right back out and got in his Cadillac and drove away. You couldn't talk Ali out of doing things like that. He used to take the gate money from his workouts—the buck that people paid to come see him train—and split it up among his sparring partners and the guys working in the gym. He called it "gay money," money for having a good time. He figured it didn't really count as money at all.

After the Patterson fight the world changed for Ali. The pressures were bigger and the problems were bigger, and it wasn't as easy for him to be relaxed and happy-go-lucky. His draft status and his beliefs and his stubborn refusal to compromise with anyone or anything cost him, although he wasn't alone in any of these things.

The worst of it started with what he said about the Viet Cong, not long before he was supposed to fight Ernie Terrell in Chicago. He said, in effect, that the Viet Cong hadn't done anything to him and he wasn't mad at them. Although he had a right to his own view of the war in Vietnam, this caused an uproar, and finally it reached the point where the Illinois Athletic Commission wouldn't approve the Terrell fight unless Ali went to Chicago and apologized. I'm not sure exactly why the Illinois Athletic Commission felt that it was the proper body to accept an apology from Ali, but then reason didn't have much to do with the attitude toward Ali at that time.

When Ali left Miami to go to Chicago I was afraid that he would not back down. Whatever chance there might have been blew up when he was heckled by one of the commissioners. This little

man tried to browbeat Ali and put him down. He kept on calling him Mr. Clay in a sarcastic voice. I went to Chicago with Ali and to the commission meeting and when it turned out that he wouldn't apologize, I went along with him. It was a matter of principle by then, after the little man on the commission tried to make himself big at Ali's expense.

After that, of course, the fight bounced around all over the country, and Ali wound up fighting George Chuvalo in Toronto instead of Ernie Terrell in Chicago. He didn't have much opportunity to train properly for the Chuvalo fight, because he was traveling constantly, going to draft-board hearings and so on. Some that fight Chuvalo has made a big thing about having taken it on short notice and not having had time to train. He was in as good or better shape than Ali at the time.

There never was any question about who won the fight. All anyone was curious about was whether Ali could knock Chuvalo out. He bruised his hands punching Chuvalo in the head, but you have to give George one thing: he takes a shot as well as anyone ever did. Ali brought out the best in Chuvalo. No one expected such a great fight. The fans reacted and gave George a great ovation.

That fight was moved to Toronto because anti-Ali feeling in the United States was so high that no promoter would touch it here. Although he never said much about it, that feeling disturbed Ali, who isn't disturbed much by anything. He didn't talk about it, but I could tell it worked on him. He wasn't as lighthearted and gay as he had been before.

Luckily for him—and for me, too—as his popularity fell off here it grew in Europe. The quotes that made him the villain whenever he fought in the United States actually made him a hero to the fight fans in foreign countries. We went back to London to fight Cooper again, and every time Ali walked the streets he was mobbed by fans wanting his autograph. He had decided to change his image by then. He wasn't naming the round anymore and he wasn't making up verses so often.

Neither the second Cooper fight nor

continued

the fight he had with Brian London was very tough. Actually, aside from Ernie Terrell and Karl Mildenerberger, there weren't any tough fighters left for Ali by then. He had fought himself out of competition.

Ali cut down on his food for the second Cooper fight. He wanted to be light to increase his speed, but I think he cut down too much. He came in at 201½, instead of 210, 212, which was his natural fighting weight. It hurt his punching power, and that showed in the Mildenerberger fight, too. Cooper made a real good fight. He took the fight to Ali. But Ali made him fall short with a lot of punches and countering, and once Ali's jabs started finding the range, that was the end.

I was cautious about Mildenerberger. All you had to do was look at his record to know he was a good fighter, and I

knew that Ali always had trouble with left-handers anyway. I told Ali he would have to be aware of the right hand, because Mildenerberger was a hell of a right-hand puncher. I worked with him in the gym to get him moving away from the right. It wasn't natural for him to circle that way, because he was used to circling just the opposite. But he seemed to pick it up quick enough.

I brought over a southpaw from England to work with him, a fellow named Jock Bedell, and Ali made the adjustment pretty well. Then, at a press conference before the fight, Mildenerberger asked Ali for his autograph, and I figured, "We're home free. This guy is too awed to fight a good fight."

That only shows how wrong you can be. Mildenerberger fought a great fight. He was appearing before his home-town fans in Frankfurt and he gave it every-

thing he had until he got knocked out. I don't think Ali ever had a tougher fight. Of course, he forgot all about circling away from Mildenerberger's right hand and I had to remind him of it between rounds. That didn't do much good, either. As it turned out, he beat Mildenerberger fighting him wrong, which I suppose is a mark of how great Ali is. To whip a southpaw, you have to stick him with the left and hook with the left and rush him, and Ali wasn't doing any of those things. Finally he got tagged in the belly with a beauty of a right hand and it seemed to snap him out of it. When he started getting to the German with the right hand, it was all over.

By the time that fight was finished, we could fight in the States again, because most of the uproar over the draft deal had subsided. The fight with Cleveland Williams in the Astrodome showed that although Ali would still be the villain in any fight over here no one was going to boycott him just to prove a point.

The fight itself wasn't much. One thing Ali showed a lot of doubters was that he can punch. Against Williams he was able to plant himself to throw his punches, and he hit Cleveland a series as hard as any heavyweight can hit today. When it was over, a lot of writers who had been saying that Ali was not really a hitter changed their tune. It seems strange it took them so long, because he has knocked out all but six of the men he has fought.

Up until then Ali always had to share the heavyweight championship with Ernie Terrell, at least in Terrell's mind and in the books of the WBA. I don't think many people took Terrell seriously as the real heavyweight champion, but it was a nagging sort of thing. Ali was anxious to fight him, and when we made the fight for the Astrodome in February of this year he worked hard. He always works hard, but he put in a little extra for this one.

Before this fight there were a lot of Muslim hangers-on around the camp. Some of them tried to tell Herbert Muhammad that Ali wasn't in shape and should box more, but I said that he had boxed all he needed to. I said, if you want him to box, he can, but he's in shape. Herbert did not interfere with his training in any way, either then or since then. He's a good business manager, and he leaves the training to me.

I didn't have any doubt that Ali could

continued



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whip Terrill. He had used Ernie as a sparring partner before he fought Duke Sabedong, back in 1961, and he had trouble coping with Ernie's height and experience, but that was before Ali's seventh professional bout and he had learned a lot since then. I knew if Ernie would fight his usual open style, Ali would knock him out. He could let the left go over his shoulder and counter with the right, and he does that as well as any fighter I ever had, so I wasn't worried at all.

As it turned out, Ali never could open Terrill up. Ernie fought a smart fight but he never had Ali in any kind of trouble. There was a lot of criticism after the fight because Ali talked to him and asked him, "What's my name?" and taunted him, but that was a part of the battle plan. He was trying to get Ernie mad and make him open up, but Terrill was too smart for that. He stayed in his shell and lasted the route, which was all he wanted to do anyway, I would guess.

The last fight we had was in New York, against Zora Folley. In some ways it was the best fight Ali made, because Folley was a smart man and a thoughtful one in the ring. He was the only fighter we ever met who managed to cut the ring in half on Ali. He'd shuffle from one side to the other when Ali circled and he'd be there, right in front of Ali. A lot of fighters tried that, but they weren't smart or quick enough to do it.

Then Folley surprised us by using a left jab to the belly. This was a tactic that quite a few fighters threatened to use, but no one else ever did. It looks as if it should be effective, because when Ali leans back from a left jab to the head, his belly comes forward. So if you fake the jab to the head and then come in to the stomach you should be able to reach him. Folley did reach him a few times, but after a while it was because Ali wanted him to. Ali was waiting to set him up for a right over that low left hand, and finally he hit Folley with a shot and down he went. When he knocked Folley out he hit him real quick with two right hands—the first one stopped Folley in mid-air and the second one hit him on the way down. They were thrown that fast.

Well, the way it looks right now, that was the last fight anyone will see Ali in for a long time. I'm not in any position to say what was right and what was wrong about his stand on the draft. All



ERNIE TERRILL LIFTS ARMS IN WOEFUL DEFENSE AS ALI LAUNCHES A RIGHT HAND

I know is that he was sincere about it and that it cost him a heck of a lot more to stick with what he believes than it will ever cost most men. When he refused to take that step forward, everybody rushed in to say he wasn't the heavyweight champion of the world anymore. I don't see what his stand on the draft has to do with how he fights.

But he won't change. I'll say this. If you took two to five years out of the middle of the fighting life of most men, it would finish them as serious fighters. You could see that in the champions who went into service and then came back to the ring. Joe Louis was never the same after World War II as he was before, and George Abrams, who was a great fighter before the war, lost his edge completely.

But I think Ali, if he does have to go to jail, may be the exception to the rule. He's still maybe a year away from physical maturity, even though he's 25 now.

He's grown taller every year I have known him, and heavier. I think he'll be 6-4 and 220 in fighting shape when he's grown up.

He's egotistical about his physique. Fat is a dirty word to Ali. He would work out in a telephone booth if he had to, so I guess he would manage to stay in shape in jail if he were given any opportunity at all. He's capable of fighting well until he's 35 years old, anyway. That would give him a good five years, under the worst circumstances, and maybe eight or more if he doesn't get too bad a rap. He would come out of jail still the best fighter in the world, because he's too young to lose the speed and reflexes that make him one of a kind.

Of course, some fighters would be destroyed psychologically by the trials he's going through, but I don't think he will be. I said before that nothing really disturbs him. He's faced so many roadblocks in his life that this will be just

continued

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another episode to him and he'll overcome it just the way he did all the rest. If he goes to jail he'll come out as serene and sure of himself as he went in.

My association with Ali got me the best illumination in boxing. I mean, whenever the name of the heavyweight champion came up, my name popped up with it. Because of that, I get letters and phone calls every day from young fighters who want to come to Miami Beach and work for me. I always ask them if they have a manager, and if they do I tell them to tell him to contact me. Some of them have no talent and no dedication. They read about Ali and all the money he makes and they read that I am his trainer and they figure that this is the easy way to the big money—which, of course, it isn't. The other day in Detroit, Ray Jones, the younger brother of Cody Jones, told me he wanted to try boxing. Ray looks just like Cody, who was a good fighter and a sparring partner for Ali for a while. Ray's 22 years old and big and strong, and I told him to come on down to Miami Beach and we'd try it for a while.

I don't know how good he will be. It takes a while for a fighter to develop, especially if he is as green as Ray is now. Physically he has all that he needs in size and strength. But you don't know if he is willing to make the sacrifices a fighter has to make on the way up. Money won't be plentiful for a long time. He'll have to give up drinking and smoking and other pleasures and devote a good deal of his life to really hard physical work and training. And he'll have to be ready to accept pain. Boxers get hurt. They have to be strong enough to take the pain without letting it confuse them or create any fear in them.

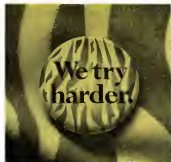
If they have enough dedication to accept all this and work hard for two or three years, there is still the possibility that they will be just short of good enough to make a respectable living in the ring. I don't mean win a championship—the odds against that are so tough that most kids would run like bandits if they realized what they were. Just to be good enough to fight in main events requires a truly exceptional man.

Most of them, the heavyweights, think they can be another Muhammad Ali. Well, I don't think I'll ever see another one like him. He was the one and only.

I hope I'm around to help when he starts fighting again.

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THE GENTLE IRISH

THE SLASHING, COLORFUL SPORT OF HURLING IS MUCH MORE THAN A GAME TO FERVENT PATRIOTS—IN THE U.S. AS WELL AS IN IRELAND

BY JOSEPH CARROLL

Hurling is Ireland's oldest and most purely native game. Others, such as Gaelic football, have official recognition as national pastimes, but hurlers can quote scholars to show that their game was old when Christianity was new. It is uniquely Irish in style: a dashing sport with a long history as romantic as Ireland's own, with which it is peculiarly involved. Jack Lynch, the Taoiseach, or Prime Minister, played for County Cork in national competition in the 1940s, before he was elected to public office—and that in itself is a satisfaction to the patriotism of hurlers.

Time was when it was against the law to play hurling. It was banned in the 14th century, along with all other things Irish—language, costume, folkways—by statutes aimed less at the Irish than at English colonists who tended to go native, as colonists in Ireland always do. It was banned again as recently as 1921, during what the textbooks call the Anglo-Irish War. The stick, or hurley, was a formidable weapon, and it could be used as a dummy gun in close-order drill or field training. Moreover, hurling devotees were intensely nationalistic; every

hurler was suspect as a secret soldier. Nowadays the stories and legends are something to tell after the game. What counts most is hurling itself—the match beginning perhaps this minute anywhere from Donegal to Cork—with the ball in the air and the hurleys swinging, chancy as the weather, artful as a dance.

The All-Ireland hurling championship is played annually in Dublin on the first Sunday of September. The All-Ireland sets loose a hullabaloo very like that of the World Series, and the pleasant noise crosses the ocean to the little Irelands of the Western Hemisphere. Yet the immigrant Irish of the U.S., Canada and Latin America do not depend on Dublin alone for their hurling excitement. There are hurling teams playing week in and week out in San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo and New York; in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver; and in Buenos Aires. Croke Park in Dublin is the world capital of hurling, but Gaelic Park in New York is a second capital, resolutely Irish despite its blatantly American setting. It used to be called Croke Park,

too, after the mother house, but Irish officialdom disliked the confusion of names and New York settled on Gaelic Park as suitable for its purposes.

Hurling and Gaelic football are seen there every Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, from early spring to late fall. The 22 hurling clubs that compete in the New York league are named for the Irish counties from which their players came. Selected players from these clubs also compete as an all-star team in the oddly named National League, which includes teams from Ireland. The players are unpaid, and earn their livings, for the most part, as truck drivers, transit employees, clerks and workers in the building trades, though there is a smattering in the professions. (A man from Fermanagh said of the hurlers, "Most of them work, but here and there you'll find a priest or a saloonkeeper.") The average attendance is 3,000, but when an international match is played—teams from Ireland come every year—the figure is more than quadrupled.

Gaelic Park lies in the hollow of a hill on 240th Street in the far reaches of the Bronx, the northernmost

continued

HURLERS LIKE KILKENNY'S TOMMY MURPHY SHRUG OFF CUTS PICKED UP IN SLAM-BANG ACTION





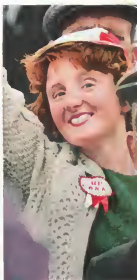
THE GENTLE IRISH *continued*

borough of New York City. It isn't a grand place, Gaelic Park; in fact, it's rather shoddy, with aging grandstands and dilapidated wire fencing around the playing area. But it has the charm of its Sunday population: the athletes with their innocent energies and the spectators with their unoffending loyalties. Whole families turn out for the games, with children in numbers to gladden the parish priest. The lads, dressed for Sunday, prowl after the girls; the girls, some with hairdos extravagantly bouffant, prowl back at them. The hurlers, meanwhile, have at each other with a ferocity that does credit to the game's ancient origins.

Hurling is mentioned in the Gaelic saga literature, fragments of which survived and became the inspiration of the revival of the Gaelic language in Ireland in the late 19th century. A revival of national games began at the same time, and the Gaelic League for the language

and the Gaelic Athletic Association for the games were two faces of the one movement. Both became strongly nationalist and revolutionary. The gibe in one of Joyce's novels about "a revolution with hurley sticks" turned out to be almost a prophecy. One of the founders of the Gaelic Athletic Association was Michael Cusack, lampooned in *Ulysses* as "the Citizen," a Jew-baiting jingo who spouts easy Irish phrases. It is considered a malicious caricature by such GAA members who ever got around to reading *Ulysses*—and by a lot who never did. An operatic character, Cusack was passionate about both Ireland and Irish games. He wrote the first code for modern hurling, and its essentials still stand.

Before the founding of the GAA in 1884, local rules prevailed in county or village or were dispensed with altogether. Both hurling and Gaelic football were a merry anarchy in which, according to one historian of the *continued*



IN FULL STRIDE, MURPHY TAKES A LOVELY LEFT-HANDED SWING AT THE BALL, BUT RIVAL SPECTATORS CONTINUE TO ROOT FOR CORK



games, almost anything would go, including "wrestling and vituperation." The intention of Cusack's code was to refine both the skill of the playing and the sportsmanship of the players. Neither wrestling nor vituperation is tolerated in the modern game, and players who are intentionally rough or who use foul language are punished according to the gravity of the offense. One player was recently suspended indefinitely, with no appeal for clemency allowed for two years, for "hitting an opponent and bringing the game into disrepute." Most hurlers very much dislike the idea often held by foreigners, and particularly Americans, that their game is a sort of donnybrook for the display of Irish temper. They claim that the tempers of Irishmen are no more explosive than those of any other people. They argue the case for Irish mildness with an entertaining heat.

Disciplined game though it is, hurling at first looks to American eyes like a melee in which the players whack each other about the head and shoulders and make up their own rules as they go along. The hurlers, 15 to a side, wear shorts and jerseys, socks, shoes with leather soles and hard leather clogs—and nothing else, except what protective intimacies the shorts may conceal. Now and then a player will wear a beanie or a soft cap with a visor against the sun, and all 15 carry hurley sticks, which are made of ash and weigh as much as two and a half pounds.

The pace of the game is swift, and with 30 men flailing the substantially built sticks (except for the flattened hitting end, the hurleys look and feel like ax handles) at one small and lively ball, players are occasionally sliced up a bit. But injuries occur not nearly so often as in football or ice hockey or, for that matter, lacrosse. In spite of appearances, hurlers are not out for blood, and they are genuinely offended by any suggestion that they are. The good players, they insist, rarely hurt or are hurt. They use the hurley with deft precision, and in so doing achieve a startling emulation of the techniques of other sports.

A hurler will go up in the air after a ball in the middle of a crowd, like a good pass receiver in football. He may stop it in midair with his stick or catch

it one-handed, like a second baseman taking a high throw. Whether he stops the small hard ball (it is about the size and appearance of a baseball, except for its heavy raised seams) or catches it, he is apt to toss it in the air and hit it fungo style, sending a long fly ball or a ringing line drive downfield. Or he may hit an incoming ball in midair, like a tennis player with a two-handed grip returning a hard smash. He can hit a moving ball on the ground like a polo player or move it along with his stick, as in hockey. If he does catch the ball he is allowed to run no more than three paces with it in his hand, but if he can balance it on the end of the hurley (either by carrying it there, as in lacrosse, or by bouncing it, like an upside-down basketball dribble) he can run as far as he wants with it. "Tipping" the ball like this is an impressive and crowd-pleasing maneuver. It is something like carrying an egg on a spoon in a race at a picnic, with all the other picnickers hacking away at the egg with their own spoons.

A ball on the ground cannot be picked up or even touched by the hand, but it can be lifted, and often is, with the hurley. Hitting an opponent with the stick or hand is a foul, along with tripping, holding and other forms of interference. The penalty for a foul is a free try, or free puck, at the goal. Scores are made by hitting the ball through H-shaped goalposts (there's football again); a ball hit under the crossbar into the netted goal cage behind it counts three points, while a ball hit over the crossbar counts one. A hurler making a free try at the goal may choose to swing crosshanded, but in form and because of the arching shot that results he looks exactly like a golfer making an approach shot to the green. (The kinship with golf is stressed in a curious annual custom in County Louth. On Whit Monday each June hurlers compete over a four-mile course of mountain, bog and heather north of the town of Dundalk. The scoring is the same as in golf: the man who makes it over the mountain in the fewest strokes—pucks, the hurlers say—is the winner. The event, a promotion both for hurling and for Dundalk, honors a very ancient legend. Dundalk is supposed to have been the home of Cuchulainn, the mythical hero of the Irish sagas, who seems

to have been a cross between Achilles and Paul Bunyan. The story goes that he could hit a ball in one province and run to another in time to catch it on his hurley and pack it on to still another province.)

But all the likenesses dissolve after a while and hurling is like nothing but hurling: a glory to play and a splendor to watch. The ball scampers like a rabbit or soars like a bird, with anarchic variations of movement both aloft and on the ground. It is the swiftness and unpredictability of a ball in almost continuous motion that makes hurling seem like a game left over from more innocent times than ours. There are rules, naturally, but a watcher isn't much aware of them. The game is so simple an expression of the dark old human compulsion to whack things about (not including rival players) that it is satisfying to watch even if one has no understanding of the rules at all.

Hurling is a wide-open, high-scoring, freewheeling game; no slow progress down the field in carefully marked stages, no long pauses to line up punts or to discuss managerial strategy; no stifling defensive theory to reduce goals to a minimum. There is a constant swirl of players, sticks clash; the ball flies 70 yards one way and then 100 yards the other as fast as it takes to say it. The action is constant; the skills displayed are awesome.

The most famous of all living hurlers is Christy Ring of Cork, who often has appeared in exhibition matches in New York. He is known as the Babe Ruth of hurling, though not in Ireland. The story they like in Gaelic Park is about the Irish-American who went back to the old country and was telling his cousins about Babe Ruth. "He was the best," he explained. "He was the Christy Ring of baseball." Ring, who is 47 years old now, looks something like Y. A. Tittle. He has a bald crown fringed with blondish hair, like a monk's tonsure, blue eyes, a strong jaw and a pale face. He lives in Blackrock, a suburb of Cork City, and works for Shell Oil. At one time he drove a tank truck, but now he has an office job. Around Cork they tell how he used to park his truck, climb down from the cab and spend some time hitting the ball along the road and *continued*

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THE GENTLE IRISH *continued*

against fences in order to keep his hand in on difficult shots.

Ring was an intense competitor and played in the All-Ireland finals eight times, but he is mild-mannered and so soft-spoken as to be sometimes hard to hear. A genuinely shy man, he dislikes personal publicity, by American standards, his efforts to avoid public attention seem almost pathological. Once, at Gaelic Park in New York, he was caught by a television interviewer before he could get off the field and into the locker room. It may well have been the shortest interview in the history of TV. The reporter asked him what was the most important feature of hurling. Ring tapped his forehead and said, "T'inkin'." Then he bolted for the locker room.

Ring speaks in a Cork accent, which involves a melodious displacement of Hs. One of his companions, watching a player in an ambitious attempt at a goal from somewhere in the center of the field, murmured "Ah, you foolish man, to thry a t'ing like that!" Initial Ts are likely to become Ds with a whisper of an H in them, but the effect is far from dilute. It is a proud provincial poetry. It is when they speak that the spectators at Gaelic Park show themselves as Irish, not alone in accent but in certain oddities of syntax that have survived an Irish-English for generations. Grumbling about what he considered the inferior quality of hurling being played, a man complained to a neighbor in the stands: "This is no class of game at all. Of course, they're only juniors and better is not to be expected of them. When the seniors play you'll see a queer old tuggan'." He was a Kerryman, and in Kerry's are ghosts. A little later he praised Christy Ring as a "gen'us."

In calling the teams junior and senior the man was using Gaelic Athletic Association terms for hurling leagues. The words have no reference to the age of the players but to the quality of their play. They are roughly like the minors and the majors in baseball. The fans matter as much as they cheer, and even the cheers have an odd formality. "Up the field, Mayo! Down the field, Limerick! Dig in, Clare!" The muttering is more fun. When a player was hopping the ball on his stick rather indecisively, a fan whispered: "Puck it up the field, lad. Sure, you don't have to bring it in personally." The same man who com-

plained about the dullness of junior playing pointed to the goalkeeper of one of the teams, a massive young man, and said, "Look at the proportions of that one, rearward. Wouldn't you think there'd be a penalty declared against an arse like that? It would take all day to walk around it."

Another time spectators were remarking on a player whose methods they considered overrough. "Keep an eye on him today," one said, "for he's in a t'reaamin' mood." (Final Cs are almost always on the run in rural Ireland.) Said another, "Ah, he's the desperate laddo when his temper's up." A third spectator "Temper is all well and good, but where's the sense of t'rowin' the hurley about in all directions?"

The games at Gaelic Park are important in themselves, but a spirit beyond games hovers over the place. It is a homesick imagination, an Irishness never far below the American surfaces. It stirred a different kind of homesickness in one middle-aged Irish-American frequenting the place: a homesickness for the Chicago of his childhood. In those days, 40-odd years ago, the same games were played on Chicago prairies. The children of Irish-born parents lived with the legend that haunted the parish halls: the jugs and reels and set dances, the songs about Irish bravery and British cruelty. The suspicion crept into at least one young mind that it was all partly a stunt: the agonies of history were put to slippery uses by men far removed from the realities of Ireland. Toward Election Day, candidates for political office became more Irish than seemed reasonable, and the immigrant neighborhoods were asked to vote for "their own."

After 40 years the Irishness of most Irish-Americans has been vaporized into sentimental convention about an Ireland long gone. The memories of generations of immigrants have been watered down into catchwords and musical-comedy tunes. The famous Irish names in U.S. public life made their successes in the American way and on American terms. Such names are supposed to have large prestige with Irish-Americans, but it is hard to see at close range among the newest generation of immigrants. They have better uses for their reverence.

The Ireland these newcomers grew up in is not the historic victim celebrated in the songs (though agitation continues

continued

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for "the return" of the six counties that make up Northern Ireland, which is still part of the United Kingdom). Ireland is now an independent and sovereign nation, and like other small nations it has to scratch for a living. So do its immigrants, and all the glamour of the Irish-American names can't help them do it. The unskilled are barred from entry by U.S. immigration laws, except, of course, as visitors. This sometimes puzzles them, because they have heard the stories of what a land of opportunity the U.S. has been for other Irishmen, Farleys and Kenedys and people like that.

Yet at Gaelic Park the politicians still show up toward Election Day with so many salutes to the struggle for Irish freedom that you would think they had arranged it personally. They bare their heads solemnly before the big games for the singing of the Irish anthem, *The Soldier's Song*, probably not knowing that the words were written by Brendan Behan's uncle, Peadar Kearney, a man whose revolutionary opinions would bleach the body hair of the average American politician.

A visitor to Gaelic Park gets the impression that the players and the fans don't care much about politics of any hue. They are overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, of course, and it shows. Benefits are played for Cardinal Cushing's charities or for parish churches. Nuns make collections for charitable purposes outside the ticket windows. In the stands there are always priests, often visitors from Ireland. The gift shop near the park entrance displays Irish textiles, crockery and gimcrack statues of the saints.

The place is Irish, in obvious ways and subtle ones, including attitudes of mind at once proud and critical. A man from County Mayo in the crowd said he thought the centuries of suffering under foreign rule had tended to make the Irish narrow in their nationalism, their politics and their religion. It might have been James Joyce speaking, or Sean O'Casey, though he had never read either of them, because, he said, "it wasn't encouraged on the other side" when he was a schoolboy. Joyce was regarded as heretic and immoral, and O'Casey was only a Protestant anyway. "They brag about them in the travel literature," said the Mayo man, "and play them up in Irish Airlines radio commercials. But back home we never got to read them." It is

continued



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different nowadays. Most of Joyce's books can be bought in Dublin, and O'Casey's plays are done on television and at the Abbey Theatre. An official censorship, anachronism though it is in so civilized a country, has at least the national virtue of inconsistency.

Back home, as at Gaelic Park, the talk is not always as reverent and respectful as officialdom would like to assume. The Gaelic Athletic Association recognizes only hurling, Gaelic football, handball and rounders as proper Irish sports (the last is a bit of surprise, since it is a primitive form of baseball that is probably English in origin), and it specifically bans Rugby, soccer, hockey and cricket. It suspends members of the GAA who play those sports or so much as watch them as spectators.

The ban is a controversial matter in Ireland. Some hurlers and footballers feel that, understandable as it was in the days of British rule, banning such sports today is meaningless and serves only to inflame old animosities. They argue that a game survives on its merits and that hurling is too good a game to need official nursing. Croke Park, the handsome temple of the Gaelic games, is in a neighborhood of Northside Dublin that is highly patriotic in its own way but not disposed to be solemn about it. The lads in the public houses there kid the hurling and Gaelic-football enthusiasts by calling them *kuichies*, a Dublin term that means "hicks" (it is thought to derive from a tiny market town called Kiltimagh, which is pronounced—roughly, and without the purity demanded by scholarly speakers of Irish—*Kulchamah*).

Brendan Behan was born and grew up in the Croke Park neighborhood, and the tone of the talk in its street and public houses is very like that of Behan's books and plays, in which not much is sacred except perhaps laughter. Citizens in his old neighborhood hold that a game is a game, wherever it comes from, and they go as often to Dalymount Park, where soccer is played, as they do to Croke Park for the hurling. In years past they used to watch the hurling games for free from a bridge across the Royal Canal. Now a grandstand blocks the view and they have to pay their way in.

They don't mind paying, despite their refusal to go along with the traditions of the GAA. It isn't the tradition that attracts them. It's the action. **END**

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A transplanted Welshman, homesick for soccer the way it should be, cries in pain at the U.S. televised version **by DEREK MORGAN**



'I WANT MY BLOODY GAME BACK'

I have loved the game—have stood for hours on the rain-swept terraces of Ninian Park in Cardiff waiting for the Bluebirds to appear, gone mad with victory and wept in defeat, jostled homeward in a two-mile-long herd of sodden faithfuls after the match, refought each move in pubs on Saturday night. The names of the great teams still ring with amazing passion in my mind: Arsenal and Spurs, Wolves, Chelsea, Sunderland. . . . And the names of the grounds spark wonderful memories of rainy magnificence: Highbury, White Hart Lane, Molyneux. . . . And, of course, at the end of the year, Wembley. I never understood how the English could maintain a reputation for stoicism when once a year they displayed themselves, men, women and children, a howling, hopelessly emotional mob, slaves to the thunderous waves of anguish that crashed through the huge stadium while the greatest prize in football—or soccer, if you insist—was decided: The Football Association Cup!

That was years ago, you understand, when England was king of the game—so powerful that when occasionally a *Brazil* team was made up, including international players from the other home countries, the only conceivable opponent was the Rest of Europe or the Rest of the World. So powerful that it didn't deign to enter the so-called World Cup competitions of those days. As I remember, Italy or France used to win most of them, but it was of little interest to us. We had

better things to watch, the sudden magic of a Lawton, the towering grace of a Swafi, the never-to-be-equalled sight of Matthews rocking impossibly through whole regiments of opponents to flack the ball again and again into the goal mouth with lethal precision. There was a Cup Final even in Matthews' mature years when the second half became an astonishing, almost solo performance in which the middle-aged gentleman so confounded the enemy that he and the opposing goalkeeper seemed the only players to touch the ball. He was a world hero—Mays, Untas, Chamberlain, Gordie Howe rolled into one, and then some: the greatest-ever football player in a world that doted almost exclusively on football.

One of the many things that made Americans different from the rest of the world (for it always seemed to me that I had far more in common with Frenchmen, Greeks, Chinese and Zulus than with the hygienic beings of that brand-new world) was the fact that they played their own insular games, which appeared to consist more of talking about what to do next than actually playing. They alone could believe in the old canard about international sports bringing countries together in friendship—because they had no one to compete with in their "world" championships and so didn't know the bitter despair of national defeat. How would they like it if they lined up Rush, Foxx, Ott, Dizzy Dean, *et al.* as the American national team, only to have the

begeer knocked out of them by a bunch of crowing jingoists from France? Friendship, hell! On the few occasions when England was beaten I would have been happy to declare war instantly.

But America was welcome to its illusions—and to its sports. Certainly we were well satisfied for them to stay out of football. From what we saw at the movies of their cheerleaders, marching bands, battalions of substitutes, players wearing armor and that unique American invention, the time-out, cropping up every few seconds, they could bring nothing but sorrow to our games. Oh, happy days of youth!

The terrible thing happened last summer. Four hundred million people around the world watched the World Cup Final on television from London, and Americans became faintly aware that even their super-duper-booper bowls were (for want of anyone but themselves to compete against) pretty small potatoes

compared with a fanaticism such as this.

Out came the money! A sports-loving representative of one of the proposed new American leagues went down to Brazil to watch Pele, one of the finest players in the world today. "We can afford him," he said—a phrase not calculated to win throngs of happy friends for America. The horrifying fact is that he may well have been right. But what insolence! It is as though some billionaire sheik should decide to stage an exotic little amusement for his entourage and casually try to buy Kaline and Drysdale to play for a season before a handful of uncomprehending eunuchs.

Pele did not bite—any more than Kaline and Drysdale would have—but that did not stop our sports lovers. The money was there, and the deed was accordingly done: association football was launched in North America.

Now that the season is over, it is gratifying to be able to enumerate some of

its disasters in the hope that it will die a natural death on the diamonds and grid-irons of Chicago and Los Angeles and return to Rao and Shanghai and Glasgow and the schoolboys of Omsk, where it belongs. And it is heartening to have such a powerful influence as network television working hard toward that end.

For they have turned the game of Matthews and Pelé, of Lawton and Garrincha, of Inter of Milan and Real Madrid, of millions from China to Chile, into a driveling mockery, imposing alien rules and meaningless borrowings from American games and topping off the awful mis-carnage with the manities of the television medium itself.

Everything most to be feared has come to pass. There they all are: the introductions before the cameras à la American football, the "benches," the substitutions, the loudspeakers drooling the obvious, there are the idiot statistics (six corners, 17 saves, 24 throw-ins, and so on),

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB MARZ



in the manner of a game that shall be nameless which exists more as a statistical addiction than as a sport, there are the half-time entertainments (Hullabaloo Day at Yankee Stadium. We had things to talk about as we stood soaking wet in Ninian Park!). There are the girls in short skirts (who could probably give us a better game than some of the multilingual, three-legged assemblages that have been passed off as teams).

All this performed on fields where corner kicks are impossible to take because the flag is a yard away from the wall—try playing baseball without a foul line—where the cameras seek vainly to avoid the acres of empty seats, and with the commentary of—good God, Danny Blanchflower! who tries to conceal his sorrow at the scene by making brave allusions to players as Italy's great X or Germany's great Y (read "baseball's great Darryl Spencer or Joe Stanka") and who struggles desperately to convey some sense of excitement. He gets little help from his American colleague. Musing on what the game would be like without its tricky offside rule, Blanchflower is capa-

ble of sudden impromptu on what the Garden of Eden would be like without apple trees; the profoundest response he can hope for is "Troublesville!"

But the final degradation of soccer has been imposed by television itself. In an effort to force the game into the fragmented shape required by TV commercials, players reportedly have been instructed to feign injuries (the only reason for any stoppage whatsoever in football) or to wait a minute or more before taking a goal kick. (A quickly taken kick can turn a game around in seconds; delaying it while the opposition has time to get into position is like banning the fast break in basketball.)

And television is not content even with these atrocities. There are constant "pauses for a word" from some clunk in the very middle of a play. Time and again the commentator intones, "While we are waiting for play to resume, here is an important message . . ." and the picture fades as we see the ball already back in play. How would baseball fans react to, "While we are waiting to see if Mantle's towering blast is going to curve

foul, here is a word from Pabst's?" (Poor Pabst's!) In one afternoon's display of contempt for the game two goals were scored in a matter of minutes (a great rarity). But did we see them? Did we, hell! While the first was going in we were dumbly watching a morose commercial, during the second we were being closely briefed on a summer potboiler series that the network was using to plug up one of its scheduling gaps. This is equal to returning from commercial land to be told that while we were away *Unitas* has thrown a 60-yard touchdown pass, and then, minutes later, before our rage has abated, to return from yet another excursion to be informed that, by golly, this is an interesting game—Bart Starr has just come right back and thrown a 70-yard TD while you were engaged among the beer ads.

The culprit beer would be out of business in a week.

The fact is, American games are entirely different from those of the rest of the world in their pattern of long interludes of planning interspersed with brief spurts of action. The constant stoppages are, as it happens, ideal for television. I remember at my first American football game being astonished that the final three minutes of play took 20 minutes to get through. In American football this can conceivably make sense, but playing world football with time-outs and pauses is as ridiculous as playing American football nonstop and without consultations—huddles, if you will.

In one season, soccer here has become a parody. If it were to catch on it would mean the death of a great game, for the money available to American sports could make anything stick. I do not want to see Pelé wearing shoulder pads or Greaves calling a huddle on his goal line. I do not want to have the Wolverhampton Nympheis Marching Band inflicted on me next time I go to Molyneux or to have the crowd's singing at Liverpool interrupted by little girls playing with sticks. At half time at Wembley I don't want to have Chelsea urged to "win this one for the Topper!" I don't want padded goalkeepers or beer or popcorn or blue lines or a livelier ball.

I want my bloody game back!

Let's be reasonable. I like *your* games. Please have the simple decency to say you don't like mine, and then we can all be friends again.

END



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Shades of Betsy Ross



April 16th was "Independence Day" for the Continental States of America. (Our first ads explained how the C.S.A. was invented by Continental Airlines to help everyone remember the almost patriotic pride our people take in everything they do...which is why you feel so good when you travel with us.) But to get on with the story. We had lots of flags ready—each with 9 stars, representing the 9 states we serve.



The Continental States of America
Growing with pride

Then—zzzow! The Civil Aeronautics Board awarded us new routes between Seattle/Tacoma, Portland, Houston and New Orleans! That meant 3 new states! Washington, Oregon and Louisiana...3 new stars for our flag!

And we're delighted. The confidence these new routes represent is a rewarding compliment. We're pleased to be able to invite even more people to "come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes." Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it—please call.



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the proud bird with the golden tail

"I'll tell you this. The next time I marry, it'll be to a girl of 17 or 18—one that I can raise to my way of thinking." So said **Muhammad Ali** (below, right) in 1965, and last week in Chicago he was married quietly to Belinda Boyd, 17. Actually Belinda had already been raised to Ali's way of thinking: her father has been a Black Muslim for 15 years, and Belinda received her education at the University of Islam. Since Muhammad Ali's first marriage to Sonji Roi ended in divorce when Sonji refused to adhere to the Muslim faith, his choice of a second bride is not surprising. What is surprising is that the couple elected to have the rites performed by a Baptist minister.

Mrs. Barbara Woodhouse is one of the better-known dog trainers in England but, although willing, she apparently is not going to be the one to train Prime Minister Harold Wilson's dog, Paddy. Mrs. Woodhouse is understandably famous for her method of taming wild horses, which is to breathe gently up their nostrils, but actually she does more work with dogs. When it came to her attention that the prime minister had a puppy that he had banished to his sister's home in Cornwall for training, Mrs. Woodhouse promptly wrote offering her services and followed up the letter with a copy of her new record, *Don't Train My Way*. "I'd be only too pleased to reeducate Mr. Wilson and Paddy in the art of living together," Mrs. Woodhouse has been quoted, but thus far the Wilsons have not taken her up on it. Possibly the prime minister finds he has even harder things to live with than a dog.

After a year in Vietnam as a supply officer, working 13 hours a day supervising some 200 men

and the unloading of 100,000 tons of cargo a month, Lieut. (j.g.) **Roger Staudach** is back in the U.S. The former Navy quarterback and Heisman Trophy winner has been assigned to the Pensacola Naval Air Station in Florida, a location that he hopes will allow a little more spare-time football.

A YMCA church-league ball game pitting the Unity Hope Lutheran team against the Fourth Baptist Church was not sound like the deciding game of the Series, but it recently turned up a pitcher in Minneapolis that the majors might take a look at. Minnesota State Senator **Roy Holden** threw a perfect game and struck out 13 men. His Unity Hope Lutheran team crushed the Fourth Baptist Church 14-0.

Pro athletes are busy shaping up again, with varying degrees of success. **Buster Mathis**, the boxer, managed to dispose of a spectacular amount of weight, and when a TV interviewer asked him how, Buster answered promptly, "By pushing myself away from the table." **Roosevelt Grier**, the Ram tackle, on

the other hand, has not been able to get rid of much of himself. "I've tried just about everything, including Metrecal," Rouse mourns. "It's a real delightful drink. I had one with every meal." But it remained for **Deacon Jones**, another Ram, to indulge himself as much as Grier and succeed as well as Mathis. During the off season he was a special sales representative for a brewery, and he says he cut out snacks, ate only one meal a day and drank "a heckuva lot of beer."

Plenty of successful businessmen pursue vigorous hobbies, but it may give you pause to learn how some of France's most eminent fashion designers are spending their spare time. Instead of reading volumes of poetry bound in white vellum or growing their own silkworms, Paris' fabled **Cardin**, **Laroche**, **Raharue** and **Courreges** turn out to be a miscellany lot, who amuse themselves at judo, fencing, weight lifting and pelota, respectively. Courreges also wrestles and plays stocker, and Raharue, we are reliably informed, has hairy knees.

That most engaging multimillionaire, 71-year-old **Nubar Gulbenkian** (the one who raises his own orchids so as always to be sure of a fresh one for his bathroom), has returned to England from his 70th holiday in the south of France, and he has returned bemoaning his advancing age. "I'm getting old, old, old," he complained. "Last year I swam a mile. This summer I couldn't even make 55 yards in the pool at my villa just outside Grasse. I drove down in my new toy, a Mercedes 600. We took it leisurely, averaging 91 mph for part of the way, although the chauffeur touched 135 on the motorway."

Down to the ship in seas went Florida's Governor **Claude Kirk** (below). The governor has taken up skin diving under the tutelage of his Highway Patrol heu-



tenant Garland Stafford, and recently he and his 12-year-old twin boys descended for a look at one ship of a Spanish treasure fleet, which sank in a hurricane off Florida's Sebastian Inlet in 1715. The fleet is thought to have been carrying silver and gold from Mexico to the Spanish king when it sank, and the ships have been picked over by treasure hunters for years, but Kirk and both boys came up with silver coins. Such good fortune sounds like a press agent's dream: one hopes that it wasn't.

Regular TV viewers are always disturbed whenever one of their favorite shows gets blacked out for a sporting event. Now, at last, the vidots are going to get their innings. On the August 29 show **David Jansen, The Fugitive**, finally catches the one-armed man—an event of such import that the Onole-Twin game is getting bumped off TV in Baltimore. After a full summer of watching Manager **Blask Bauer** give the hook to a whole staff of no-armed pitchers, it is somewhat unlikely that the Onole fans will even notice the change on their TV screens.



Trials of a busy pentathlete

Young John du Pont, host to the national championships, found that organizing the event could be a handicap for a dedicated competitor

At Saratoga last week a lot of people were interested in the news that John du Pont had bought a Beld Ruler billy for a record-breaking \$190,000. At Newtown Square, Pa., the crowd watching du Pont's doings was much smaller but even more interested. He was playing host to the National Modern Pentathlon Championships, and he was also competing in the events—fencing, shooting, swimming, running and riding—which that strenuous sport requires.

It also requires money. As host the 28-year-old du Pont had to invite and organize the experts who judge and patrol the different events, provide four specially constructed fencing strips, build a shooting range with moving targets, construct a splendid 30-meter, six-lane indoor swimming pool, lay out a 4,000-meter running course and a 1,200-meter riding course on his Foxcatcher Farms, and also provide horses for the 29 con-

petitors. The entrants included four Swedes who, of course, were ineligible for selection to the U.S. team but could compete for the U.S. championship.

Although du Pont says candidly that he wants to make the U.S. pentathlon team in the Olympics, he adds: "My interest in the pentathlon isn't just for myself. It's such a little-known sport, and I think it is high time we won a gold medal or a world championship." The U.S. has never finished better than second, regularly outclassed by Russians, Swedes and Hungarians. "Being second," said du Pont, "is just like all other places. Not first."

In his dual role as administrator and participant he revealed a little inexperience on both counts. On the lawn before his house, with the flags of various nations and the blue-and-gold Foxcatcher emblem fluttering from poles, he hustled himself with last-minute preparations of the organizing committee as J. F. Leathers du Pont. Then, as plain John E. du Pont, he stood in line with other pentathletes to draw his starting numbers from a silver bowl. Between these activities he directed the Pinkerton guards and the movie crews filming the events.

When the first event, fencing with the epee, began in the Villanova University field house, du Pont was still dividing his time between fencing on the strip and checking on organizational matters, which may have had something to do with the fact that he was touched frequently. "I'm worried," he said, after a bout in which he was almost instantly skewered, "about what to do with the strips after the competition is over. Maybe some school will take up fencing and I can donate the strips and solve the problem."

He dismissed such concerns from his mind when he met Bill Sicksels, who formerly worked for him preparing the championship facilities at Foxcatcher Farms and who was discharged two

weeks ago. It was a bout that looked as if it might be for real, but if Sicksels was seeking revenge he was frustrated. After a brisk exchange, du Pont won. Both these American contenders, however, finished behind the seasoned Swedish entrants, Ferns and Brandelius.

Rain threatened that afternoon, when the shoot was scheduled. But it did not deter the increasingly large crowd which filled past the misspelled "pentathlon" sign at the gate of Foxcatcher Farms. Americans won the first five places, although the day ended with Sweden's Ferns still the total-point leader.

The 300-meter swim began the next morning, and swimming is du Pont's strongest sport. Inside, the new pool sparkled in the light from the windows that formed the long walls. Du Pont swam the distance in 3:41.5, which only 10 years ago would have been a pentathlon record. But Bob Friesley did it in 3:41.2 and won.

After the 4,000-meter cross-country run, Ferns who limped fourth was still in first place in the overall standings. Captain Donald Walheim led the Americans and was second in the overall. Lieut. Bill Matheson (who won the run) moved up from ninth to third place.

The surprise of the last day's event, a ride over a 1,200-meter course with 17 jumps—was heightened because it was held in two flights, one at 8 a.m. and the other at 4 p.m. Walheim was in the morning group. He had a fall when his horse hit a fence hard, as well as several knockdowns. Matheson, on the other hand, had the best go of the morning, with only one knockdown. He took second place, and thereby insured that he would be the highest-scoring American entrant. Ferns rode well enough in the afternoon to keep his first place in the overalls. The only perfect ride of the day was made by Bill Sicksels. It did not win the meet for him (he finished 12th) but it did put him ahead of du Pont in the final standings. So Matheson, Walheim, Lotus Cotton (who finished as an upset winner) and 30-year-old Dr. Robert Beck (the 1963 Pan-American Games gold-medal winner) became the team that will go to Sweden next month to try for the world championships. Host and loser du Pont, who finished 14th, left for Sweden with the Scandinavian athletes to sharpen his skills and gain some experience by competing in the Swedish national championships.

END

Du Pont feels for the 300-meter swim his strongest sport among pentathlon events.

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NEARING THE HALF-MILE, LEADER ROQUEPINE HAS COMPATRIOT OSCAR R L ON HER FLANK, SCREENING OFF THE REST OF THE FIELD

The victorious French trotted out a blockade

The world's best is Roquepine, the mere who won the Roosevelt International but en route became the center of an international incident of sorts when another French hope, Oscar R L, decided to run interference

There is little doubt that Henri Levesque's grand French mare Roquepine is the best trotting horse in the world. In an exhausting 18-month campaign—through which she has been given no rest—she has won 26 of 37 starts in Europe and the U.S., turning back the main challengers on both continents. She may even be, as Levesque claims, "the perfect racehorse." But don't try to prove it by the drivers who chased her as she won the \$100,000 Roosevelt International last weekend. Roquepine deserved to win because she is fast, strong and smooth-gated, but there is reason to think she won largely because of the very strange way in which the race was trotted.

Roquepine rates as one of the finest horses to appear in the colorful nine-year history of the International. Last summer she would have beaten the brilliant Canadian mare Armbrö Flight if her driver had not made two egregious mistakes. There were no Armbrö Flights in

Saturday's field, and Roquepine was expected to vindicate herself before American observers in triumphant style. But, ironically, her victory in the slowest and most controversial International ever did little for her reputation as a champion.

The race climaxed a long and painful week for Joey Goldstein, the promotional genius who is almost solely responsible for the success of the International. Joey started by engaging an extrasensory-perception practitioner named Kreskin to predict the result of the race and thus supply this year's publicity gimmick. Kreskin put on an elaborate show—but hedged at the last minute and did not make a selection. Then Goldstein played up the revenge angle by suggesting that Jean-René Gougeon, who had been deposed as the driver of Roquepine, was craving an upset of Levesque, who chose to drive his mare himself. Unfortunately, Gougeon, now handling the other French entrant, Oscar R L, was thinking of anything but revenge as he

wound up aiding his countryman and, some thought, in a slightly illegal way.

To complete Joey's joyless week, it rained on International night, so the track was sloppy and the crowd disappointing. But the race was even more so, for it turned into a French-controlled nonrace that was won in a ridiculously slow 2:43.4 5 for the mile and a quarter.

"If we had done what the French did, we'd be suspended for a year," said Joe O'Brien, who finished third with Canada's Governor Amhrö.

"Yes," said Sanders Russell, who was second with the other Canadian, Fresh Yankee, "but you know what we can do about it now? Nothing." Even the soft-spoken Swedish driver, Robert Westergren, had some hard thoughts. "In our country if we do something like that we are fined or suspended," he said.

What the French drivers did was throw up their biggest barrier since the Maginot Line, and this time it worked. Levesque, leaving from the rail, took the lead easily

continued

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HARNESS RACING *continued*

with Roquepine, Governor Ambro moved into a good position behind him on the inside, with the U.S. trotter, Perfect Freight, third. At the quarter-mile pole these unsuspecting victims were trapped when Gougeon came pounding up on the outside to draw ahead of Roquepine—and stay there. For almost a full mile the French drivers kept their horses more or less side by side, trotting easily and with agonizing slowness. O'Brien was hopelessly trapped in the pocket behind them with Governor Ambro, and anyone else who wanted to challenge the French would have had to rush around them three wide, a suicidal tactic against quality opposition on a half-mile track.

"I thought you had a perfect spot there on the rail," Russell told Joe O'Brien later. "It would have been perfect if they had been taking shots at each other in front of you." But the French were most certainly not taking any shots at each other, and Roquepine ended up unchallenged. The two U.S. horses had nothing to offer. Perfect Freight could not handle the sloppy track, and Real Speed eliminated himself by breaking stride before the start. That left the Canadians as the main contenders, but with O'Brien in trouble on the rail and Russell forced to work his way forward on the far outside, there was no chance to test the French.

Roquepine finally flashed some of her speed in the final quarter, when she pulled away from the field to defeat Fresh Yankee by three-quarters of a length. She could clearly have won by more if Levesque had whipped her at all. Oscar R. I. tired and wound up fifth, but not before he seemed to cut in front of O'Brien at one point.

Levesque, a handsome, gray-haired Norman who is one of Europe's leading Standardbred breeders and owners, was furious at suggestions of collusion. "Do you think I need money so much that I would come all the way over here and try to win a race that way?" he asked. "I had no plan to work with Oscar R. I. or set that slow pace. If someone had challenged me sooner I would have gone faster. I did not talk to Gougeon about tactics before the race. In fact, when he first moved up, I thought it was one of the American horses coming. They were supposed to have all the speed."

Few people believed that Levesque had devised any special plot to steal the

continued

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HARNESS RACING *continued*

International. He has been extremely sporting throughout Roquepine's fine career, meeting all comers under all conditions in many countries. It hardly seems likely that he would suddenly resort to new methods. What is more probable is that the French drivers were unaware of local rules and customs.

The betting public might have been better protected in this case if the French had been coupled as an entry—but this is not customary in international events and has never seemed necessary before. And other drivers would have been aided if someone had emphasized the rule that forbids slowing down a pace as much as Levesque did.

"In France, Levesque's entries have done this kind of thing before," said Karsten Buer, who drove Norway's Scott Protector. "Roquepine and Oscar R. L. worked together well when they ran one-two in the Prix d'Amérique this year. I should have expected it when Oscar R. L. started to move past me, and come out to cut him off. At least we would have had an honest pace."

"I could have set as fast a pace as necessary," said Levesque, "and my mare still would have closed fast enough to win." He undoubtedly was right. Roquepine is not in her best form now, but she is still good enough to trot much faster than she did. It is too bad she was not asked to, because she deserved more than the tarnished victory she got out of this International. **END**



LEVESQUE HAD GOOD REASON TO SMILE

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Now the uncontested champ

The indecision over whether Dr. Fager or Damascus is the 3-year-old champion has finally ended. Ever since Dr. Fager defeated Damascus in the one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct—the only meeting between the two—a rematch has been eagerly awaited, for every horseman knows that a mile in April is hardly conclusive in the classic division. The big face-off was to have taken place in the Travers at Saratoga last Saturday.

But when the four-horse field took to the sloppy track in front of the second-largest crowd in Saratoga's history (28,576), Dr. Fager was half a mile away, resting peacefully in barn 83. He was recovering from a minor virus infection and still undergoing treatment on a tricky right knee.

It is unfortunate that the Doc was not up to filling his Travers appointment. Nonetheless, championships are won by horses who manage to get themselves in the best company at the right time—and keep winning.

Damascus was not only at the Travers, he was in superb form there. Bill Shoemaker made a remarkable move with him as they approached the three-eighths pole, and then eased him up in the last sixteenth while still tying the stakes record of 2:01 3/5 for the mile and a quarter and beating Reason to Hail by a stunning 22 lengths. Tumiga and Gala Performance, who collaborated to set up the race perfectly for Damascus when they rocketed away at a

blistering pace, staggered home later.

"There wasn't really much to it," said Shoemaker later, as he celebrated his 36th birthday by flying back to Chicago with earnings of \$5,206. "This little colt is probably as good and game as any horse I've ever ridden, and I've been on some good ones in my day. As for Dr. Fager, all I know is that when he beat us I lost the race with careless tactics."

Nobody really knows what might happen if and when these two meet again, but the important thing at the moment is that Damascus has earned his title through merit and not by default. There has been some argument that an effort has been made to avoid a meeting between Damascus and Dr. Fager, but the point is hardly worth pursuing. Why, for example, would Trainer Frank Whiteley have even considered skipping the Travers—which had been in Damascus' original schedule all year long—in order to run in the Sept. 2 New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park against Dr. Fager?

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"He beat us in the Gotham," says Whiteley, "and we stayed right on to run in the Wood Memorial. Then we made all the Triple Crown races. We came back to New York to run in the Dwyer, and he went to Rockingham. In the Travers we would have met at equal weights, but he didn't make the race. We don't have to go anywhere looking for him. Damascus is the champ now, as far as I'm concerned."

Naturally, one of the people not convinced by all this logic is Dr. Fager's trainer, Johnny Neriud, who still believes that a man has the prerogative to run his horse when and where he wants to and without any unsolicited advice.

"I'm not ducking anybody," says Neriud. "I simply want to have this horse around awhile and not rush him for anybody's sake. He missed five days with a low-grade blood infection. It took another five days to get him back, so that's 10 days. Before a race like the Travers you just can't afford that. After the Sweeps at Rockingham he'll go back to New York and may or may not go in the Woodward against Damascus—and Buckpasser. One thing against it is that if he goes in the Woodward I lose my jock, because Braulio Baeza is committed to ride Buckpasser. I'm convinced of one thing, however. Buckpasser might beat Dr. Fager, but no one else could beat him."

And so the great debate goes on. But in the meantime Damascus is tops, and rightfully so.

It must now be noted, however, that last week Damascus received only the second-largest round of applause at Saratoga. The day before the Travers the crowd rose to salute a rare performance by a 7-year-old gelding named Quick Pitch. Owned by Fortune Peter Ryan and trained by his brother, E. Barry Ryan, Quick Pitch carried more weight (170 pounds) than any other winning hurdler in the American history of the sport to an 18-length victory in track record time at two and a sixteenth miles. He was conceding up to 40 pounds to his opponents, who spread out behind him for 86 lengths. When Jockey Jimmy Mahoney dismounted, he turned to the Ryan brothers, broke into a broad smile and in his lovely County Cork brogue exclaimed, "I was just metorin', I was."

And 24 hours later, on his birthday, Bull Shoemaker was also just metorin', he was.

END



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WHERE THE FUN WAS

New York's millions still jam Coney Island, but now there are only faded reminders of the ancient resort's great days, when its rides and shows made it the most famous playground in the world BY JEANNETTE BRUCE



Coney Island was the last stop on the subway. I descended at Surf and Stillwell avenues. Over the exit hung a huge black-lettered sign exhorting passengers not to panic in case of an air raid. THIS IS NOT A TARGET AREA, explained the sign. I wondered how they knew.

Surf Avenue, where great hotels and restaurants had once catered to the wealthy, looked shabby in the hard sun-

light. Gone were the bands of John Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert. Instead, on a table in a sidewalk bar, there stood a protest singer, strumming a guitar.

"Ah would really like to be a brave American," he wailed. "And for that precious flag I'd gladly die. There's a star-spangled banner waving somewhere. That is where Ah want to be when Ah dah-ee."

The music from a carousel a few doors away drowned him out. It was joy, light, innocent. The horses were brightly painted. Children seemed to float up, down, up, down, grabbing dreamily for the brass rings as they had done for centuries. In the music of the carousel, I could hear and visualize the Coney Island of my mother's time.

"Your father," she used to tell me,

continued



when she was in a mood to knock the poor man, "was always more Coney Island than Newport."

Occasionally she sang snatches of a song called *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland*, a popular song of rather short vogue, for Coney's Dreamland Park had burned to the ground in a \$6 million blaze in 1911, seven years after it was built. Dreamland, my mother thought, had "tone," because the main entrance to the park led past a Biblical entertainment called *Creation*. My father, on the other hand, had preferred the rides, particularly those in Luna Park, and most particularly a ride called the Cannon Coaster, over which hung a come-on, saying: WILL SHE THROW HER ARMS AROUND YOUR NECK? WELL, I GUESS, YES!

On the boardwalk the benches were filled, mostly with elderly people gazing out over the water. It was still early, but the sun was getting warm and the beach was filling up. Nobody goes there anymore, my friends told me, and I had rather expected to have the place to myself.

"The temperature at Coney Island," announces the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce, in the manner of all chambers of commerce, "is 10° cooler in the summer, and 10° warmer in the winter than anywhere in the New York area." Furthermore, the Chamber of Commerce implies, Coney Island is still the Playground of the World, and anyone who doesn't go there is a rotten apple.

I sat on a bench on the boardwalk for a few minutes, enjoying the cool breeze that blew in from the ocean. Then I went down the steps onto the sand. The beach was so crowded that latecomers were folding their blankets in half and falling upon them with their arms at their sides. Some of the seminaked bodies exposed to the warmth were still winter white, others were brown or black, bodies toasted that color or born that color, all jumbled together in warm, relaxed confusion. Kids ran up and down, their feet chucking the sand.

"Hey, Ma! He took my pail," squealed a little girl not far from me. She indignantly pointed an accusing finger at her older brother. Her voice was strong with

the unmistakable accents of New York.

"She was throwing sand at me," defended the boy.

"I'll get up and belt the both of yez," replied their mother sleepily, and she turned over on her blanket and closed her eyes with a sigh. It was an exchange my mother would have labeled "more Coney Island than Newport." A pretty teen-age girl, dressed in what seemed to be a mini version of the bikini, walked rapidly toward the water, hotly pursued by a teen-age boy in orange trunks.

"The bathing suit," wrote William C. Ulyat, more than half a century ago, "should consist of twilled flannel, strong and colored brown, blue or gray. The garment should be in one piece of light goods and consist of pantaloons and coat over them. . . . Some would add a broad-brimmed hat. But, as it is desirable to plunge the head under water in bathing, this . . . is an unnecessary encumbrance."

From my stakeout in the sand I could look directly under the boardwalk, an area known to the cognoscenti as the Underground Hotel. An architect who recently submitted a plan for the rehabilitation of Coney Island to the New York Department of Parks suggested among other improvements that the empty space under the boardwalk should be "utilized." I am able to report that he would not have been able to slide a rolled-up blueprint between the couples utilizing same. My mother would have been scandalized.

"Your father used to leave me with friends on the beach, while he went off to play the games," she once told me. "The only thing he ever won was a small teddy bear. Its eyes, which were pasted on, fell off on the way home."

After my swim and drying out on the beach, I stopped off at one of the shooting galleries and shot some ducks, threw some baseballs at milk bottles and punctured a few balloons with darts. At a penny arcade establishment called Playland I tried my hand at Bingo-Rono, Skee Ball, Speedway racing, 21, poker and bowling. I collected tickets worth 90 points. A stuffed purple dog of indeterminate breed looked down at me from a shelf. A sign pinned to his collar said

he was worth 240 points. His eyes, I noticed, were glass, not pasted on. I told the man who had been changing my dollars into dimes that I would be back.

I was hungry. On the way to Nathan's Famous hot dog stand, I walked again past the bar where the guitar player was still entreating his desire to be a brave American.

"Can the U.S. use a mountain boy like me?" he sang, and there was a smattering of applause from people sitting at the tables.

At Nathan's the crowd was three deep. A week earlier Nathan's had celebrated the 100th anniversary of the American Red Hot, which was first served on Coney Island in 1867, brought to the United States by a Bavarian named Charles Feltman, who later opened one of Coney Island's most exotic restaurants. Nathan Handwerker was one of his employees until, enthralled with the potential of the sausage-in-roll, he saved enough money to start his own small stand, specializing in the hot dog. At the 100th anniversary party, formally attired waiters served distinguished guests champagne with their hot dogs. "This Gastroonomical Triumph now a symbol of Yankee Democracy has . . . penetrated all international boundaries, social barriers and mores," read the invitation that went out.

Wrote Edo McCullough, some years ago, in his detailed history of Coney Island: "The . . . myth-mongers would have it that Harry Stevens, founder of the catering firm, introduced the frankfurter-in-roll to the East around the turn of the century, during a baseball game at the Polo Grounds. This fabrication would be laughable if, at its core, it were not possible to sniff out a sinister plot to permit the New York Giants, rather than the Brooklyn Dodgers, to bask in reflected glory. Quite probably Stevens did vend enrolled frankfurters at the Polo Grounds around 1900; but they had tickled the palates of Dodger fans at Washington Park as far back as 1888."

If the hot dog is still penetrating international boundaries, it is probably thanks, in part, to the industry with which Nathan works to promote his delicacy. Let any well-known celebrity of

international renown set foot on American soil and he will surely receive, within a day or so of his arrival, a sample box containing hot dogs, with a message welcoming him to America. One of the last such to receive a box of Red Hots was Stalin's daughter, who took time out, amid the political furor attending her arrival, to write Nathan a gracious note thanking him for his gesture.

Sad Premier Kosygin severely, when questioned about Svetlana Alliluyeva at a press conference after the Glasboro affair, "She is morally unstable. We consider her a sick person." My own feeling, as I munched one of Coney Island's specialties, was that anyone who likes Nathan's hot dogs can't be all bad, for the Coney Island hot dog tastes as different from the run-of-the-mill frankfurter as lobster tastes from canned tuna.

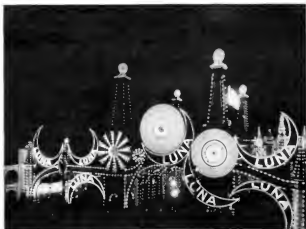
"It's in the spices that go into it," the counterman told me. "But the ingredients are secret."

"Don't you believe it," whispered a man who stood beside me, chewing furiously. "The secret of Nathan's hot dog is that the grill hasn't been wiped off since the place opened back in 1916. All that great taste is thus preserved as each dog is simmered."

Everyone has a theory. I would subscribe to the secret-ingredient theory, for Coney Island itself defies analysis, harboring whatever secret ingredients it takes to survive against all odds: political intrigue, social change and fiery holocaust.

It is fitting, perhaps, that Coney Island, which has devoted itself to amusing others, should have started as a joke perpetrated by the Indians on the white man. It was in 1649 that the sachem of the Canarsie tribe, no doubt laughing behind his peace pipe, sold Koniag Island to a gullible Dutchman named Van Salce. What made the transaction funny was that the Canarsie didn't even own it; it belonged to the neighboring Nyacks, who sold it again, five years later, to another Dutchman for three pounds of gunpowder, two guns and 15 fathoms of sewan (a sort of wampum much in demand by the Indians).

By 1671 the British had taken over New York, and an area known as Gravesend,



Luna Park, which once glowed with bright lights, is now the Luna Park housing development.

which included Koniag Island (named for the rabbits that inhabited it), was parceled out to farmers who had settled there. No one paid much attention to the five-mile area of sand, scrub and water that lay beyond the farms, except that the settlers occasionally went out with guns to snipe at the rabbits or to dig up clams, and duck hunters made frequent forays into the marshes. It was not until 1734 that the first road, constructed of shells, was built, encouraging tourists to make the trip to Coney. A lot of them did. In 1823 the Gravesend and Coney Island Road & Bridge Co. was incorporated. Coney Island was now on its way to becoming a resort.

By the mid-1870s Coney Island was swinging—being swung, in fact, by a corrupt political boss named John Y. McKane. He was to give Coney Island her first black eye, an injury from which she never fully recovered. Mr. McKane's main business was politics, his sidelines were graft and land-grabbing. By 1881 he had managed to have himself appointed Chief of Police, which in the present day would be tantamount to appointing Willie Sutton president of the First National City Bank. On McKane's

police force were men wanted by the police in other areas. Dilapidated buildings in an area known as the Gut housed thieves, con men, refugees from justice, pickpockets, touts, prostitutes; decent people stayed away. McKane was willing to lease "his" land to anyone who could pay him a fee. Horse racing, someone told him, could be profitable, and in 1879 Brighton Beach opened a track. A year later, an even more fashionable track opened at Sheepshead Bay. In 1886 the Brooklyn Jockey Club got into the act at Gravesend. Coney Island became the racing capital of the nation.

Pizziflighting, someone told McKane, could also be profitable. McKane promptly issued a license permitting the use of a cavernous wooden building, with a seating capacity of 10,000, which came to be known as the Coney Island Athletic Club. But McKane had already overreached himself. For years Brooklyn's ministers had labeled Coney a Sodom-by-the-Sea, and when McKane flagrantly violated election laws he even hired a goon squad to rough up investigators—he was brought to trial, convicted and sent to Sing Sing. But sport on the island was in full swing.

continued

While Tod Sloan amazed horse buffs with his peculiar monkey-on-a-stick style of riding, Promoter Billy Brady wooed fight fans by presenting Tom Sharkey vs. Jim Jeffries (a bout that lasted a grueling 25 rounds, with Jeffries retaining his title). The last big fight, between Jeffries and "Gentleman Jim" Corbett (the latter was defeated) was fought in 1900. Then reform that killjoy of fun and games took over. Horse racing on Coney Island was finished. The Horton Act, which had legalized boxing by calling it a "theatrical entertainment," was repealed, and boxing in New York state came to a standstill. It looked as if Coney Island was finished, too.

But not for long. For a man named George Tilyou had his own ideas about Coney Island. It could be, he thought, a great amusement center. In 1897 he built Steeplechase Park, named for a mechanical racecourse consisting of an undulant metal track over which large wooden horses ran on wheels, coasting by gravity and climbing by momentum. It did not carry, perhaps, the same thrill as watching Snapper Garrison ride to the finish on a sweating, live horse, but the public loved it. Tilyou promptly added the Ferris wheel, a Grand Canal, a Trip to the Moon and other rides. Steeplechase became a full-fledged amusement center. But in 1907 a lighted cigarette thrown into a wastepaper basket in an attraction known as the Cave of the Winds ignited a fire, and Steeplechase burned to the ground. The following morning, the enterprising Mr. Tilyou put up a notice:

"I have troubles today that I did not have yesterday. I had troubles yesterday that I have not today. On this site will be erected shortly a better, bigger, greater Steeplechase Park. Admission to the burning ruins—10¢."

Tilyou was as good as his word. A better, bigger, greater Steeplechase Park was erected.

In the meantime, other would-be capitalists were not standing still. In 1903, Frederic Thompson and Elmer Dundy, who were later to build the New York Hippodrome, opened Luna Park, installing the country's first midway and presenting to the public's delighted eye

gardens, broad lagoons, extensive towers and minarets over which incandescent lights twinkled.

Coney Island's third great park, Dreamland, threw open its doors one year later. "The park," wrote a journalist, "was a triumph of architectural ingenuity. Elaborate amusement structures with gaudy facades fronted on broad promenades. . . . A number of new attractions were installed, along with a few that had been pirated from Luna Park. Frank C. Bostock presented his wild animal show. . . . The Infant Incubator, it was announced, would exhibit newborn infants under the care of a corps of trained nurses. Worm-

wood presented his dog and monkey show and the Midget Village had a population of 300 Lilliputians, all housed in a miniature reproduction of old Nuremberg in the 15th century. Coasting through Switzerland was a scenic railway, with sleighs jingling over snow-peaked Alps against a vast panorama."

Naturally, the rivalry among the three parks for the public's favor became frenetic. Hoping to attract crowds to Steeplechase, George Tilyou had an old square-rigged sailing ship beached in front of the entrance. The owners of Luna Park retaliated by announcing that Topsy, an irascible elephant, would be executed before the public. Topsy was led out and fed allegedly poisoned carrots, which she promptly spat out, after which it was announced that she would be electrocuted (an idle threat for whatever publicity it might be worth).

Dreamland Park mulled over the efforts of Steeplechase and Luna, then advised the public via the newspapers that an airplane flight would be launched from the top of the Shoot-the-Chutes. The airplane consisted of a wicker basket with mashin-covered wings hung to the sides. The wings were operated by a pilot by pulling cords and pushing pedals, no flying experience necessary. A local character known as Dutch Charley was given



The wonders of Dreamland included a scenic railway, wicker-baby and 300 midgets.

his wings and installed inside the basket. Then the plane was hoisted to the top of the Chutes and suspended by a cord from an outrigger, 50 feet above the surface of the ocean. Charley had been given his instructions by the inventor. He was not to attempt to fly farther than Rockaway the first time out. A short ceremony was held before takeoff. Then Charley was given a signal and he began to pedal furiously. The cord was cut, loosening the plane, which promptly fell into the ocean. Charley was rescued by lifeguards.

As the big amusement parks tried to outdo each other, so did Coney Island's oceanfront hotels, enormous wooden structures with deep sprawling verandas. Most of the hotels had gone up in the late 19th century—the Brighton Beach, which catered to highly respected businessmen and the horse set, the Manhattan Beach, popular with the cream of New York society, and the Oriental, which rented suites to wealthy families, not only for a weekend, but for the season.

It was not until 1927, a few years after the extension of the subway had made Coney Island "a mecca for the millions," that the Half Moon was built, a hotel 14 stories high, designed in modified Spanish style. The Half Moon specialized in "invigorating saltwater baths, roller chairs in which to glide along the Boardwalk, a spacious sun deck, and delicious food on the Ocean Terrace." Rates started at \$3.00 a day. The hotel became popular with politicians (mostly Democrats), vacationing tourists, honeymoon couples and sportsmen. But for those who could translate economic conundrums correctly the "good old days" were already over. First, there was the Depression. Coney Island, along with the rest of the nation, went into a decline. Then World War II broke out and, finally, in 1941 a third event took place that shook the Half Moon to its very foundations at the least. It was the Abe (Kid Twist) Reles affair.

Reles, a Brooklyn gangster, who had agreed to inform on a horrifying bit of Americana called Murder, Inc., headed by the notorious Albert Anastasia, was

put into "protective custody" in a five-room suite at the Half Moon. His protectors were five police guards who "looked in" on him every few minutes. But somehow they weren't looking when, early on a chill November morning, Kid Twist Reles reportedly went out of his bedroom window clinging to the end of two bed sheets, which, to do away with technicalities long since forgotten, came undone. His broken body was found on the roof of the hotel's kitchen extension, two floors above the ground. Whether he fell, was pushed or thrown (if so, by whom?) is still an open question. His body, it was discovered, had landed about 20 feet from where it should have landed had he merely fallen. It did seem, said one policeman ruefully, "that he must have had a little help." For weeks the Half Moon Hotel was in the headlines, and people no doubt went to Coney just to gawk, but it was hardly the kind of publicity that encouraged paying clients. Like so much that had sparkled in Coney's past, the last great hotel had lost its glitter. A year later it was being used as a hospital by the Navy and finally, in 1951, was converted into a convalescent home for Brooklyn's aged and infirm.

Throughout its long history Coney Island has been plagued by fires. In 1911 a spectacular blaze leveled 50 amusement spots, including Dreamland, where the fire started when a workman accidentally overturned a pail of pitch. Animals perished horribly, reported the newspapers, but the incubator babies were saved. Dreamland was never rebuilt. In ensuing years no less than half a dozen fires left Coney scorched and seared, and in 1944 most of Luna Park went up in flames. Today only its name is preserved, in a housing development that stands on the site. Steeplechase, the first and last of the great amusement centers, closed down for good in 1965 "for lack of business," said George Tidyou's heirs. Its famous horses have been sold to an amusement firm in Great Britain, its other rides dismantled, all but the outside framework of the famous Parachute Jump, which still stands high and proud, a lonely-looking oddity surrounded by empty land.

Sideshows were another unforgettable aspect of the old Coney, and they proliferated to the extent that they replaced the broad lagoons, esplanades and tree-lined walks. Barking and spelling and ballyhooing became flamboyant, raucous and artful. "Yes, look well upon this group of savages, ladies and gentlemen! They are the dread Igorots, fierce headhunters from the Philippine Islands! And what you see before you is but a miserable tithe of the vast anthropological, educational, thrilling, and altogether unimaginable sights that will unfold before you as you pass through the Igorot Village!"

The king of the freak shows was Samuel Gumpertz who liked authenticity. "It was 1905," wrote Edo McCullough, "when he whisked them past an astonished immigration official, in the next quarter-century the number of freaks, oddities and outlandish human beings he similarly escorted was to rise above 3,000. . . . Gumpertz was constantly on the prowl for new grotesques. Five times he went to Asia, with side trips to Java and the Philippines; five times he went to Africa. . . ." There were Zip, the What-Is-It, 19 wild men from Borneo, a succession of bearded ladies and fat ladies. He was inordinately fond of mid-gets. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, step over here and see the world's tiniest people. Note the yardstick—an accurate, an exact, a perfectly calibrated instrument against which to measure the height of these minuscule humans, some of them members of the foreign titled aristocracy" (Step forward. Count, and you, too, Baron, and stand by the yardstick.) Each and every one of these little people, ladies and gentlemen, is a full-grown human being! Thank you, Count. Thank you, Baron."

Coney Island's visitors were goggled and slack-jawed, but they could always relax at a band concert, attend a theatrical production at Henderson's Music Hall, watch a young fellow named Harry Houdini perform miraculous escapes from impossible fortresses, admire the muscles of Angelo Scifano, who later changed his name to Charles Atlas. At Felman's restaurant they might catch a glimpse of Diamond Jim Brady

continued

("Looking at Diamond Jim," said an oldtimer recently, "was like looking at a lighted chandelier.") At Carey Walsh's cabaret a singing waiter named Eddie Cantor was popular with the tourists. Louis Stauch, who sold filet mignon with all the trimmings for 75¢, hired a thin, wiry young man named Israel Baline to sing to his customers. On his own time, Baline composed music that he later published under the name of Irving Berlin. Also at Carey Walsh's, a long-nosed comic named Jimmy Durante thumped the piano, and later took off for Hollywood, as did a gaunt, hungry, good-looking young man named Archie Leach, who marched around on stilts advertising attractions. On TV late shows he is billed as Cary Grant. Marie Dressler ran a popcorn concession as a publicity stunt. A swarthy roughneck had a job as a bouncer in one of the speakeasies before going on to Chicago, where he went into business of a sort as Al Capone. Mae West's father once pounded a beat on Coney Island.

But in the 1930s New York's new parks' commissioner, Robert Moses, said, "Coney Island is honky-tonk," and promptly tore out the only adequate parking facilities Coney had, installing tennis courts that nobody used. Sideshows, thought the commissioner and other watchdogs of public morality, had gotten out of hand—as indeed they had. With the advent of microphones, the splicing and ballyhoo had become deafening. An ordinance was passed requiring that loudspeakers henceforth be muted, and gradually the gaudy sideshows went the way of the parking lot. Today the comparatively few spiels are generally delivered over toned-down P. A. systems to which few pay attention.

Still they come to Coney, the poor people and others, pouring off the subway, for, whatever else has vanished, the sun, the sea and the sand are the same. And there are other things to see.

I stood on the old Dreamland site, now occupied by the N. Y. Aquarium. Coney Island is determined to rebuild, and the Aquarium is one of the first steps in that direction. Half a million people each year troop past a tank containing Beluga whales, huge white mammals that

cavorted in their glassed-in prison with Flipperlike smiles on their bland faces. Nearby, at a tank containing electric eels, it was time for a demonstration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced a soft voice over a loudspeaker, "as food is thrown to the electric eels you will hear the sound of their discharge. Will the adults please stand back so the little children can see the eels? [The adults looked sheepish and shuffled their feet, but stood where they were.] You will see," continued the voice smoothly, "by the thermometerlike device beside the tank the amount of electric discharge." The meter recorded 660 volts, and over the speaker came a crackling sound.

"If I touch the glass will I get electrocuted?" asked a little boy hopefully.

"Yes," said his mother, dragging him away. The crowd moved on to peer into other tanks containing sand tiger sharks, and into still other tanks, at smaller, brightly hued, exotic varieties of fish.

"The day of just having a menagerie is passé," said Dr. Ross F. Nigrelli, the Aquarium's director. "The public is no longer satisfied just to look at a fish [or an iguana, for that matter]. People want to know what its role is in the economy of nature, why its life is of value to humans. The fish is important to biological research. After all, we all go through a fish stage, swimming in water and breathing through gills, before we are born." It was a sobering thought, if not a particularly pleasant one.

"Someday," said Dr. Nigrelli, "Coney Island will have the greatest aquarium in the world. Within two years, probably, another unit will be added to this building that will house a whale and dolphin exhibit under stadium lights. We will demonstrate the capabilities and intelligence of these remarkable mammals. Another unit eventually will house the sharks and perhaps another school of fish like the tuna. The sand tiger shark is a very sharky-looking shark. We caught 15 last year right off our own shores. However, in spite of their sharp teeth, they seldom attack. The sand tiger shark in Australia is a man-eater, but not in Brooklyn's waters, for some reason. Of course, occasionally. . . . There are also whales out there, and we are conducting

feasibility studies about where they live, how they travel and how they can best be caught."

When I got back to the beach I conducted my own feasibility study and decided it was not feasible to go back into the water. I might get a confused shark who didn't know the difference between Australia and Brooklyn. Instead I walked to the end of the pier. Down below, people were beginning to leave the beach. It was getting late. Some of the little sand churners were fast asleep on blankets beside their recumbent parents.

Little boys on the pier were fishing for crabs, dropping wire baskets fastened to long ropes into the water below. There seemed to be plenty of crabs for all. Other fishermen, with poles and live bait, stood patiently in the time-honored manner of fishermen, waiting for a bite. Occasionally someone brought up a fluke. I paused to admire a particularly large specimen, gasping its last on the pier.

"You want it? Half a dollar," said the fisherman, squinting at me with eyes that seemed to reflect the blue of the sea. I tried to visualize myself transporting a dead fluke on the subway.

"No. Thanks anyway," I said. "Stick around," invited the fisherman. "When it gets dark, we get striped bass."

In the background I could hear the screams of children riding the Cyclone, Coney's most popular ride.

"Your father could never get me to go on the roller coaster," my mother used to tell me. "What I liked best was the Ferris wheel. The one at Coney Island is the biggest in the world."

Almost everything else had changed, but the Wonder Wheel was still there. I took a ride, then looked up the owner to tell him that my mother and father had ridden his wheel about four decades ago.

Coney Island concessionaires take an almost childish pleasure in pleasing their customers. Many of the concessions are family affairs, having been handed down from father to son. Fred Garms, who owns and runs the Wonder Wheel, is no exception.

"My father built the wheel in 1920," he told me. "It's 150 feet high, weighs 200 tons and has carried over 20 million

people. My best day was July 4, 1947. I rode 12,900 people in one day. What do you think of Coney Island?" He didn't wait for an answer, but rushed on. "My mother, who lives in an apartment right here under the wheel, helped paint it when it was built. She's 77 years old. On her day off she likes to go to the race-track, but mostly she wants to stay near the wheel. My father was 82 when he died." When I managed to get a word in, I commented on his own youthful appearance.

"It's the salt air at Coney, the long hours and hard work. The wheel has kept me young. We have a saying out here that once you get the Coney Island sand in your shoes you never get it out. How do you like Coney Island?"

"Fine," I said.

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Garms. "We have the best of everything at Coney Island—the best fishing, the best swimming, the best sand, the best and safest rides. They're putting up a Convention Hall and an indoor skating rink. Before long, if things go right, we'll have the year-round swimming pools, restaurants that look out over the ocean like in the old days, community and puppet theaters, maybe even a new marina, so that boats can tie up the way they used to. How does it sound?"

"Fine," I said.

"We've had the highest class and the lowest class of people at Coney Island. The important thing is that people can live together, all mixed up, and it makes no never mind. We have the longest and the widest boardwalk, and we have the best beach, because there's no undertow. Did you know that?" I shook my head. "We have the Atlantic Ocean, but no undertow, which means no drownings. We have the best police protection. We have more fish than most places in the world. July and August we're so busy it's murder! Weekends in June are fabulous. We have the best sanitation department. This place is spotless by 11 a.m. every morning. Our beach is cleaner than it ever was. They used to say our water was polluted. No more. New York City is to be congratulated. People need Coney Island. It's an outlet. People come by the busloads from as far away

continued

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WHERE THE FUN WAS *continued*

as Boston. On a hot Saturday night you'll find about 3,000 people sleeping on the beach. It beats an air-conditioned hotel. Sometimes the gypsies get out there and hold their ruses—guitars, dancing. It's a pretty good show. At Coney everyone lets himself go, has a ball. Would you like another ride on the wheel? How about Spook-A-Rama? We've added Batman."

In Spook-A-Rama, which was pitch-dark, there was hideous laughter, skeletons rose up from coffins, something spidery crossed my face.

"Were you scared?" demanded Mr. Garms, when I got out of the cart.

"Shivering in my boots," I said. I complimented him on the lifelike appearance of Batman.

"We like to keep up with the times," said Mr. Garms modestly.

Before I went back to Playland, where my purple dog was still sitting on a shelf, waiting to be won, I filled up on clams, corn on the cob, knishes, french fries and Coca-Cola. It was dark when I finished, and lights twinkling from the rides, glancing off the water, were transforming Coney Island into an illuminated fairyland.

"Back again?" asked the good-natured heavyset money changer at Playland, jangling the coins in the capacious pockets of a canvas apron. The place was jumping, and I had to wait for a chance at most of the games.

"If you play that poker game again," he said, converting a dollar into a handful of dimes, "they rolling the ball very slowly along the edge of the board. That's the way to come up with live of a kind. We have people come out here got it down to a science." I didn't have much luck with poker, and my ball-rolling lacked control, but an hour later I was almost an expert at Skee Ball and Ringo-Reno. I turned in my tickets and collected the dog. It might have been worth \$1.95 at the outside, and it had cost only \$6 to win it. It was better than carrying a dead fluke home by the tail.

I fell asleep on the subway. At home I could still taste salt on my lips, and after I had taken a shower there were still a few grains of sand sticking to my feet.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

AMERICAN LEAGUE

AS KANSAS CITY (2-3) struggled vainly to climb from its green-and-gold cellar, Owner Charlie Finley blamed everyone but his mule. He suspended Pitcher Lew Krausse and fined him \$500 for alleged rowdiness on the plane carrying the A's from Boston to Kansas City three weeks ago. After the squad held a meeting and accused the club owner of undermining team morale by using go-betweens to check on the players, Finley startled everyone by firing Manager Alvin Dark and topped that by firing First Baseman Ken Harrelson after Harrelson criticized him. The newest man in the K.C. revolving door is Scout Luke Appling, the 10th Athletic manager in 11 seasons. Ed Matthews made an error on his first fielding play for DETROIT (4-3) but singled in a run on his first at bat as the Tigers defeated CLEVELAND (4-3) in a 4½-inning rain-shortened game. Winner Mackey Lohch, trying to get the game over with before the rain, swung at a third-strike pitch practically as it left the pitcher's hand. The Indians were playing better than they had played all year, and Manager Joe Adcock warned, "Wait till October." Before the Angels were to meet BOSTON (6-1), Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey remarked to Manager Bill Rigney of CALIFORNIA (0-7) what a great pennant race they would continue to have if nobody got hurt. Four innings later, Tommy Coughlin lay on the ground, his cheekbone broken by a Jack Hamilton pitch. Coughlin will be out for three weeks. Tommy John came off the disabled list and Rocky Colavito stroked a rare triple as CHICAGO (5-2) kept on astounding the experts. After a two-night doubleheader had been delayed more than two hours, the White Sox and the Orioles started the second game at 11:15 p.m. MINNESOTA (3-2) hit only five home runs in the

first 20 days of August, but the Twins won 14 of 18 in their surge to the top. The reason? "A five-man pitching rotation," said Manager Cal Ermer. "Because of the heat, all our starters pitch better with the extra day's rest." Jim Perry, the fifth man, has two shutouts to make Ermer look like a genius. WASHINGTON (1-4) stopped hitting and winning as Gil Hodges was bedridden with the flu. NEW YORK (3-5) played BALTIMORE (4-4) to a standoff in a comical game in which there were three wild pitches, two passed balls and 26 men left on base. The Yankees, who made six errors, lost on a balk in the 13th inning. "Holloween out here tonight," said Announcer Joe Garagiola.

Standings: Min 67-52 Chi 61-57 Bos 56-54
Det 44-55 Cal 42-60 Wsh 38-62 Cle 36-58
Bk 35-64 N.Y. 33-67 KC 30-69

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Attendance in SAN FRANCISCO (4-2) is down 100,000 from last year, and causes one and two are Willie Mays and Juan Marichal. Marichal, still declaring himself unusable because of a leg-muscle rupture, has not pitched in three weeks. Mays had his pride ruptured when, probably for the first time in his career, a batter was walked intentionally to get to him. Willie, however, responded by erasing a single past first base that scored the winning run against ATLANTA (1-5). It did not bring the great center fielder out of his shell: for he refused interviews after the game. "I'm tired of talking," said Willie. Brave Pitcher Denny Lemaster, dissatisfied with his record, was talking "Crumbs," he said. "Fifth place is crumbs, and we don't want to settle for that on this ball club." CINCINNATI (3-3) isn't giving up either. Leo Cardenas, back in the lineup for the first time since breaking his hand in June, tripled to help the Reds in one victory, and Jim

Maloney pitched a perfect game for 6 1/3 innings against the Pirates before stepping in a hole and hurting his ankle. Billy McCool finished up a 4-0 shutout for Maloney, but Jim was only partially consoled. "If anything else happens to me I'll shoot myself," he said. PITTSBURGH (5-3) might be contemplating the same thing after having lost its season series to the Mets. Only Willie Stargell was a success against NEW YORK (3-6). He became the first player to hit a ball over the right-field roof in Forbes Field twice in one year, and in another game he stole a base by mistake and scored the winning run. PHILADELPHIA (3-5) pulled a triple play and got home runs from Bill White and Richie Allen to win two 12-inning games, but the Phillies could not escape the second division. Just one of several fallen dynasties, LOS ANGELES (3-3) could be cheered by Don Drysdale's first win in a month and by Pee Wee Driver, the monumental bust of 1966, who is hitting close to 300. Rusty Staub of HOUSTON (3-3) broke from a 3-for-16 slump to take back his batting lead, but the promotions being staged at the Astrodome (Millionth Fan Night, All-Star Bunt Night, Straight-A Student Night and Miss Astro contest) revealed that the team's play on the field wasn't enough. CHICAGO (3-4) continued to get brilliant one-shot performances from Private Ken Holtzman, who, on another weekend pass, won his seventh game without a loss. And ST. LOUIS (5-1) was making all the rest seem pointless anyway by winning eight games in a row and running off to hide. The magic number (now in the 30s) is already being counted down by Cardinal fans in Gaslight Square.

Standings: StL 36-45 Cin 35-57 Chi 32-58
SF 34-57 Atl 32-56 Phi 30-59
Pit 28-63 LA 24-65 Hou 20-73 NY 42-72

HIGHLIGHT

Last week a refreshing breeze from the West—whirlwinds from the North and possibly even the East—blew into the roundhouse of the Houston Astros. He is a 23-year-old pitcher named Crash Von Hoff, which sounds like something out of *The Blue Mounds*, whose real name is Bruce, had been pitching for Amarillo in the Texas League, but when he arrived in Houston from El Paso, where his team had been playing, he had come by way of Los Angeles, Chicago and Aurora, Ill. Why had Crash flown 3,450 miles west, northeast and then south when he could have gone straight across Texas? Well, for one thing, he had an Army reserve meeting to attend in Aurora, and when his flight in that direction was overbooked the airlines had to reroute him through

Los Angeles and then to Chicago. When Crash finally flew into Houston he got to sleep at 3 a.m. Naturally, he was given his first major league assignment that night. He pitched four-hit shutout ball for eight innings (the Astros won 2-1 in the 12th) and announced, "I didn't have my good stuff." He had lost stuff a few days later in his second start, when the Cardinals bombed him in a 7-4 ball game, a performance reminiscent of the occasion in spring training when he earned his nickname. "I was driving down the road, and this car pulled into my path," says Crash. "I couldn't do anything but—well, crash. I totaled my car—\$1,000 in damage—but I got out without a scratch." Jim Owens, a Houston coach who rates such things, gave Crash 99%. "Everything was torn up but the blinker," remembers Owens. "He breaks the blinker, I give him a perfect 100."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING At the end of the first week of the Atlantic Cup final-series racing in Newport, R.I., **ENTREPREND** and **COLUMBIA**, both were undefeated with 10 wins (year 20).

U.S. CANOEING by **LOU RICCHARVAK** of Marblehead, Mass., won the first four sports and made of the first 30 of the Lightning Class world championship on Lake Ontario in Canada.

BRILLIANT, with Skipper Chris Smith and Paul Bauman at the helm of their 30-foot World's best, won the U.S. in five of eight races to win the St. Thomas Lagoon Trophy in Newport Harbor. Calif.

Veteran racer **ODELLE WILKINS** of Fond du Lac, Wis., picked his 72-foot, gas-turbo-powered **Martinez** **Monte** for 11 at 57 mph average—an offshore record in winning the 300-mile Long Beach San Diego-and-ocean **Hennessey Cup Race** by 24:07 over Don Ammer, driving **Melior**, Magnolia.

ROWING Lightweight champion **CARLOS ORTIZ** secured his world title with 15-point **HARROG** dedication after **Isaac** Laguna of Panama at New York's Shea Stadium.

GOLF **LOU DILL**, 19, of Deer Park, Texas, became one of the youngest players ever to win the U.S. Amateur Women's National Amateur championship when she shot runner-up **Ann** **Miller**, 28, of Cheshire, Kan. 5 and 4 in the scheduled 36-hole final in Pasadena, Calif.

KATHY WHITWORTH of Colorado Springs, N. Mex., set one stroke off the tournament record when she shot an 11 under par 289 at the \$10,000 Women's Western Open in Palm. B. The victory—Miss Whitworth's sixth of the year—boosted her season earnings to \$21,067, tops on the LPGA tour.

CHARLES MCFORD, 44, of Los Angeles shot a Southern-stroke-around 64 and edged fellow California State Open by one stroke with a 72-hole total of 272 at the \$100,000 **Great** **Hartford** Open in Westfield, Conn.

HARNESS RACING France's **ROQUEPINE** (55-40) (carried to a 1.4 length victory over Canada's **Fresh** **Vander** in the 10-mile \$100,000 **International** at Riverdale Racetrack (year 60).

HORSE RACING **DANIELS** (52-40) just about clinched the 5-year-old crown when he defeated **Reagan** to half by 27 lengths in the \$50,000 **Fraser** **Stakes** at Saratoga (year 60).

HANDSOME BOY (55-40), the 4-year-old brown colt who defeated **Blackout** by eight lengths, a month ago in the Brooklyn Handicap, gained his 14th victory in 44 starts when **Fockey** **Ed** led him to a length's win over **Perkins**, in the one-mile \$11,000 **Washington Park** Handicap at Arlington Park.

MODERN PENTATHLON **HILDA** **HELM** of Sweden won the national championship in **Neustadt** **Napier**, Pa. (year 19).

BOGER **NPSL**, with only one week left of regular-season play, **BILL INORE** (146) clinched the Eastern Division Championship by beating **Alvin** **D. Galloway** a 1-0 loss in Philadelphia. **PHILIP** **TRIPPIA** (141) outperformed as best on a second place with two 1-0 victories—over **Baltimore** and **L. Lewis**—while **NEW YORK** (156) is a tie for second at the beginning of the week after a 6-4 win over Los Angeles, dropped in following a loss to Oakland. **ATLANTA** (124) drew with **Baltimore**, and **PITTSBURGH** (113) in the other had no games scheduled in the Western Division. **OAK** **LAND** (144) gained the title with two victories: 1-1 over Chicago and **San** **Mateo** tied the last track and 4-2 over **New York**. **ST. LOUIS** (142) split two games. **CHICAGO** (135) dropped two. **LDS** **AN** **SHLEN** (111) lost one and **TORONTO** (112) won one last week.

SWIMMING New era world records were set at the women's National A.A.U. Outdoor Swimming and Diving Championships in Philadelphia. **CELESTIA** **KOLB** of the Kansas City Swim Club bettered her own mark in the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys with times of 2:25 and 5:08. **2**, **DEBBIE** **MEYER** of the Arden Hills Swim Club set a 1:44 and a 17:50.7 in the 100- and 200-meter freestyle. **TONI** **BEWITT** of the Corona Del Mar Swim Club won her first national title, with a 2:23.6 in the 200-meter butterfly. **PAUL** **KARL** of the Fort Lauderdale Swimming Association won the 200-yard freestyle in 2:09.7 and the **SANTA** **CLARA** **A TEAM** of Linda Gustafson, Nancy Ryan, Laura Fritz and Peter Watson set the 1000 5-8 Olympic team 400-meter freestyle relay, tied with a time of 4:05.5.

TENNIS The U.S. won the **Wightman** Cup 6-1 over Britain, but the seventh consecutive time and the 13th in the 35-year series in Cleveland. Fourth-seeded **BILL** **BOWREY** defeated No. 2 seed **Owen** **Davidson**, the winner of the Southampton international earlier in the week 6-4, 6-1. In the all-Australian final, the New South Wales of Gene Hecaton triumphed in Newport. R.I.

Worldwide champion **JOHN** **NEWCOMBE** defeated Australian Davis Cup representative **Tony** **Roche** 3-6, 3-6, 4-12, 10-8 in the final of the **National** **Hard** **Tennis** **Tournament** of Champions in Glen Cove, Long Island.

TRUCK & FIELD The U.S. holding reels a seven-point lead going into the final day's competition, took title of 17 months and defeated West Germany.

412,100 in a two-day international final event in Düsseldorf, Germany. World record holders **JIM** **RYAN**, **RANDY** **MATSON** and **RAUL** **IBRAHIM** won their events. Ryan with a 3.38 2 in the 1-50 meter run. Matson with a 48-1/2" shotput and Ryan with a 25-1/2" discus. **SHIP** **BILL** **TOIMMAY** edged Germany's **Hans** **Serich** 3-0, 1-0, 1-0 in the double and **VINCE** **MATTHEWS** led his teammate **Lee** in a close action by 1/2 inch in the 400-meter run with a slugging of 43.

Two days later at a triangular meet in Varese, Italy, the final meet on the European tour—the U.S. won 17 of 21 events to defeat Spain 13, third Italy 13, 10. **Jim** **Ryan** and **Randy** **Matson** each finished second in their events as Ryan, running the 500 meter for the first time, lost to **THOMAS** **SMITH** of Arcadia, Calif., who was clocked in 1:41, while Matson was defeated by **NEIL** **SHY** (HALLER of Eugene, Ore.) in the 500m (1:41 1/2). In the 400-meter run, **SHY** (HALLER) of Eugene, Ore. in the 500m (1:41 1/2) and **SHY** (HALLER) of Eugene, Ore. in the 500m (1:41 1/2).

WATER RACING **CHUCK** **STARKES** of Bellingham, Calif., gained the men's overall title for the seventh time at the national championships in Astoria, Texas, where the women's trophy went to 19-year old **WESLEY** **WALKER** of Cypress Gardens, Fla.

WRESTLING **MARRIED** **FORN** would have won having champion **MUHAMMAD** **ALI**, 29, so **Second** **Boyd**, 17, of Blue Island, Ill., in **Florida** **WALKER** of Cypress Gardens, Fla.

SOLD **TO** **A** **Bill** **Hancock** by **QUILL** as a 16-year-old broodmare who was voted the 2-year-old champion in 1958 for \$345,000—a world record price for a Thoroughbred at auction at the Saratoga (N.Y.) sales.

TRAGEDY by the Houston Astros, veteran **Third** **Burnett** **EDDIE** **MATHEWS**, 36, to the Detroit Tigers for a player or players yet to be named. **Mathews** who has slugged 10 home runs this season and 394 in his career (overall) on the all-time list, joined the Astros last winter after 15 seasons with the Braves-Milwaukee-Astoria Braves.

FIRE **Kansas City** Athletics Manager **ALVIN** **DARK**, 41, in the club's president, **Charles** **O. Flynn** Dark, an all-star shortstop with the New York Giants (1950-1954), managed the San Francisco Giants for four years and won the 1962 National League pennant before being traded to the Kansas City in 1966. He will be replaced by **Hall** of **Fame** **LUKE** **APPLING**, 46, who has served as coach, scout and manager for the Athletics for the past four years. **Appling** won the American League batting championship twice during his 20-year career as a shortstop with the Chicago White Sox.

CREDITS

6—**John** **Miller** **17** **20**—**Bill** **Schaffner** **21**
AP **22**—**Ed** **Schaffner** **23**—**Bill** **Schaffner** **24**
14—**Tom** **15**—**27** 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

IMPERFECTLY INTERESTING

Sirs:

After reading Dan Jenkins' comment that there is "no excuse for continuing the College All-Star Game" (*No Place for Stars to Shine*, Aug. 14), I wonder if there is any excuse for Mr. Jenkins. Although the All-Star Game is not an exhibition of perfect football, neither are most pre-season exhibitions. This year's game drew more than 70,000 fans. There is an aura of excitement and anticipation pervading every All-Star Game, as people wonder if this will be one of those wonderful years when the rookies upset the pros. If the Stars aren't a polished team (and no one expects them to be after only three weeks of practice), there is always the individual excellence of the rookies to hold the fans' interest. The All-Star Game is often the first chance football fans have to see the players they have read about during the off season. The game is simply a good way to kick off another football season.

MARSHALL SNIDER

Washington

Sirs,

Mr. Jenkins has forgotten, or intentionally dismissed, an important point. The All-Stars nearly defeated the Chicago Bears only days before, losing 23-22. And Green Bay habitually annihilates pro teams just as easily as the collegians.

JOHN MICHAEL TIRMAN

South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:

Do SI and Dan Jenkins settle for anything less than perfection? When any sport becomes so perfect that it becomes inhuman and nothing more than a mechanical routine, I'll drop my interest in sports and in SI. Any All-Star Game is better than no game, regardless of the score. Let's just admire the All-Stars' courage and the pro's ability and start taking the game for what it is: a charity event.

NICK SHAMIN

Dayton

Sirs,

Dan Jenkins summed it up correctly.

CLEVELAND F. DONNELLS

Chicago

RICK AND RICHES

Sirs:

I read with great interest your article on Rick Barry's jump to the Oakland Oaks (*The Education of Mr. Barry*, Aug. 14). The point that caught my attention was the question of loyalty. I fully agree with Rick. Why should he be called a traitor? Suppose, if you will, that it is now 1977. Rick Barry has

just completed his 12th year with the Warriors, and Mr. Meehl has the chance to trade him for an up-and-coming star. Would Mr. Meehl hesitate to trade him because of loyalty and team spirit? Hardly. The Yankees traded Ruth, the Dodgers tried to trade Robinson and the Warriors would trade Barry. Pro sports are big-time business and, as Rick said, when you're in business you have to get the best deal possible.

MICHAEL D. HIRSCH

Long Branch, N.J.

Sirs,

I am appalled at the court decision to bar Rick Barry from playing with Oakland until Oct. 1968. As I see it, Barry saw a better job opportunity and grabbed it. A player's career is limited, and he can be traded at any time. No sensible man should turn down a better contract than he is getting. Barry can't worry about Franklin Mitchell's dream when he has a family to support. It seems the law is geared to the men with money, especially when it stops one man cold and yet allows an entire franchise (Milwaukee-Arlama Braves) to pack up and desert a city. I sincerely hope the Warriors free Barry for the 1967-1968 season, so basketball fans can again see the coolest player around.

REX EARLE

Wauwatosa, Wis.

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY

Sirs,

Congratulations! The article written by John Underwood about Winnipeg and the Pan-American Games (*The Winning Ways of Winnipeg*, Aug. 7) was an excellent and accurate appraisal—although it is obvious that Underwood wrote with tongue in cheek at times. This is quite forgivable, but do not underestimate the spirit and power of this town during those two glorious and historic weeks. I only wish the games could have lasted two months.

LEO BALLER

Winnipeg, Man.

Sirs,

I would like to defend my city. John Underwood's article is extremely one-sided and gives a poor description of Winnipeg. As for the games, Winnipeggers enthusiastically attended all the events and made it the biggest Pan-Am Games ever. In comparison with the Pan-Am Games held in Chicago in 1959, which were almost a complete flop, Winnipeg, which is less than one-tenth the size of Chicago, proved that it supports great events and could support the Olympic Games adequately.

RON SIEMENS

Winnipeg, Man.

Sirs,

We sure was proud to have an important magazine like SI write up the Pan-Am Games, which took place right here in Winnipeg. But we're just a mite worried about some of the things that there John Underwood wrote. Like he seemed to be mad at us that our city had wide, clean streets and that people gave up their time and cars and things to help others. But here in Winnipeg we was just acting like we was taught to do when you give a party. We was darned sorry he couldn't spend \$100 in one night. But we figured out how come. We betcha every time he et someone else jest grabbed the check, that's how come.

BARRY GUERMAN

Winnipeg, Man.

UPCOMING SLAGGER

Sirs—

Bob Ottum's excellent report on the Pan-Am Games (*And the Melody Lingered On*, Aug. 14) was marred by a simple misstatement of fact. It was George Greer of the University of Connecticut who singled in the winning run against Cuba, not Sieve Sogge as reported. Sogge was in the on-deck circle at the time.

It is easy to see how Ottum made his mistake. An errant broadcaster credited Sogge with the hit.

Incidentally, there is no U.S. baseball captain. At the presentation ceremonies, Coach Marty Karow of Ohio State sent Greer up to accept the winning team's medal.

C. ROBERT PAGE

Merion, Pa.

Sirs,

In addition to the key blow, George Greer further distinguished himself during the Pan-Am Games by hitting .379 for the 11 games, including a home run, seven doubles and 11 runs batted in. George, whose name should become increasingly familiar to baseball fans in the coming years, hit .403 as a sophomore at UC onn and was named to the College All-America team this past season.

HARRY E. HUGGINS

Westerly, R.I.

TWO FOR FIVE

Sirs,

A tight pennant race is a pleasure uncommon in recent American League seasons, and I can well see the enthusiasm expressed by the fans. But your article (*Five for the Flag*, Aug. 7) had me in stitches. Come now, do the so-called baseball experts at SI honestly believe that the California Angels or the Detroit Tigers are challenging potentials for the pennant? The White Sox and the Twins are the only clubs that aren't going

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

to slowly fade out of the race. To top it all, you said Washington was threatening to make it us. But then I must remember that you told us earlier that the Orioles (eighth place) were building a great dynasty, the A's (10th place) could bust out of the second division and the White Sox "lack of solid pitching would mean no pennant this season." Remember?

Your fan (even if you're not always right)

PAUL R. CLARK

Chesterland, Ohio

Sirs

Here's the way I see it, California lacks a star, Chicago lacks hitting, Boston lacks experience, Detroit lacks the winning attitude, Minnesota has all of these and the 1967 MVP, Harmon Killebrew.

PAUL S. FEIN

U.S. Armed Forces, Korea

NOT FOR WANT OF A SHOE

Sirs

Your otherwise fine article on the custom-tailored uniforms worn by the crew of the *Intrepid* (*Well Geared for the America's Cup*, July 31), contained one inaccuracy that momentarily caused us to lose our footing. That was the reference to the crew's deck shoes, which, the article said, were made by a friendly competitor.

Our log shows that back in April the *Intrepid* syndicate graciously accepted our offer to supply two pairs of our Esneck Deck Shoes, made of Corfam with a nonkid sole, for each crew member aboard *Intrepid* and *Contellation*. We made the same offer to the crew of *Columbia*, and it was accepted.

After reading the article we checked with Bob McCullough, skipper of *Contellation*, to see if we were off course. Bob assured us that not only were he and Skipper Ray Mosbacher, of *Intrepid*, wearing our shoes every day, but so were most of the crew members on both boats.

Could we ask for notice to mariners to set the record straight?

And to the *Intrepid* deck crew of all the 12s, we wish fair skies, a good breeze and sure footing.

ROBERT A. EATON

Senior Vice-President

Charles A. Eaton Company

Brockton, Mass.

● If the America's Cup is lost, it will not be for lack of good foot-cars. In fact the crew of *Intrepid* appears to be better shod than anyone since that Greek goddess attached a pair of wings to Mercury's sandals. Some 70 pairs of gift shoes have been received from various manufacturers. However, the shoe officially designated as part of the *Intrepid* uniform is the Top-Sider. ED

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A Proud Horseman Is Drawn and Quartered

As owner of the great Seabiscuit and other famed stakes racers, the late C. S. Howard could stand up to any real turfman. It was those cowpokes and their quarter horse who did him in **by JERRY IZENBERG**

If the late C. S. Howard had been born into money and a membership in the Jockey Club, all this might never have happened. Such a proud, confident man might simply have laughed in the cowboys' faces and thus might not have had his wallet picked in front of 10,000 people.

But the knowledge that he had earned his silks the hard way had always prompted C. S. to regard a challenge not as a sporting proposition but as an out-and-out declaration of war—and Howard never backed away from a good fight.

They knew this, of course, in the business world. Howard had started from nothing and had built himself an empire of automobile distributorships on the West Coast. The smell of gasoline and the purr of the luxury-car engines made him a fortune, but deep down inside what C. S. Howard really cared about was horses.

Howard got his start as a horseman in the 1930s when he spent \$7,500 to acquire a workaday horse that was being used mostly in minor stakes races, leaving bigger events to his more affluent stablemates at the Wheatley Stable. The horse, a bay colt by Hard Tack out of Swing On, was named Seabiscuit.

Howard ran him everywhere he could. He ran him in so many places that rail-birds nicknamed the horse "Marco Polo." When the Biscuit finished his racing career at the age of 7, Howard had banked over \$400,000. More important to Howard, who was fiercely loyal to his four-legged mist, Seabiscuit had gone east to Pimlico and there, in November of 1938, he had beaten heavily favored War Admiral by four lengths in a match race that gripped the entire country's imagination.

Seabiscuit was the rock upon which Howard's racing stable was founded. The Howard ranch in Mendocino County be-

came a showplace. Into this world in 1947, Howard brought an English sprinter named Fair Truckle, a beautiful animal that ran short distances at blinding speeds, setting Howard up for a come-down at the hands of as cool a gang of operators as ever hustled a bet. Their legs were bowed, their cheeks were tanned and they had spurs that jingle jangle jingled. They also had a sunfully ugly bag of greased horseflesh named Barbra B. They ran her at county fairs and dirt tracks and the so-called bulling tracks where Thoroughbreds and quarter horses were often thrown into the same races.

Barbra B was a quarter horse. The cow people will tell you that a quarter horse can beat anything this side of Cape Kennedy at a quarter of a mile. This may be overstating the case but it is true that quarter horses are bred for this distance, that they accelerate with the quickness of an irritated cobra and that nonquarter horses that race them under their ground rules are generally owned by people who do not like money. And it is true that quarter horses have run 400 yards in something under 20 seconds.

It is also true that one day Barbra B had beaten a Thoroughbred to a positive frazzle, and somehow the cowboys learned that this same Thoroughbred had done rather well with Fair Truckle. Armed with this knowledge, the Arizona Mafia descended upon Box 47 at Hollywood Park where C. S. Howard was soaking up the sun. They stood there and they began to talk about the fact that Seabiscuit had to be one of history's most overrated horses. C. S. Howard began a slow burn. Then they called Fair Truckle a plow horse, and C. S. turned medium rare. By the time an alert usher had offered to escort the hecklers, C. S. was positively charcoal gray. Then they dangled the bait.

"How much?" he snapped an un-

controlled anger. "Put up or shut up." "Waah," a cowpoke drawled thoughtfully. "I reckon we could raise 50."

"Fifty what?" C. S. snorted.

"Why \$50,000," the man in the Stetson said, and suddenly it was no longer a game.

If C. S. Howard was intensely loyal to his animals, he was also loyal to his wallet. He set the ground rules: Barbra B and Fair Truckle would race 400 yards. There would be a stationary starting gate. There would be stewards and a film patrol, and he would be able to use his regular rider, Johnny Longden. The cowboys agreed. Quarter horses had been running that distance here since the first Spanish settlers had reached Florida. Quarter horses could beat Parnelli Jones's turbine at that distance. And, just so it shouldn't be a total loss, the cowboys had a few hole cards of their own.

The site would be Hollywood Park. Howard, who had a little something to say about what went on at the track in those days, went to the management that afternoon and arranged for its exclusive use the morning after the current meeting had closed. Under no circumstances was the public to be invited. Jimmy Stewart, who is now vice-president of the track, was delegated to supervise the affair.

"The first thing that happened," Stewart recalls, "is that we all went out to see Barbra B work one morning, and right away we knew that Mr. Howard was in a lot of trouble. The second thing was that the press found out about the bet, ran stories on it, and suddenly it seemed like we had half of California on the thing.

"I had a money truck parked in the infield with the stakes, but it got to be more complicated than that. Those big old cowboys began walking through the stands talking man-to-man bets, and

continued

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Drawn and Quartered continues

I couldn't begin to guess how much money changed hands that morning. There is, however, one thing I can tell you for sure. I looked out at those cowboys, and I looked at the hustlers they were betting against, and I looked at C. S. Howard, and I remember very well that I said to myself:

"Lord, I am a young man. I would like nothing better than to be able to live to be an old one. Please, Lord, do what you want but don't give us a photo finish today."

The cowboys themselves had taken a few steps to guard against this possibility. The first was the placing of the starting gate smack on the starting line instead of a few jumps behind it. This took away any breathing room Fair Truckle might have and made it a scrupulously standing start, designed to favor the hindling acceleration that is a quarter horse's stock in trade.

The second became apparent to Stewart and people who worked for the track when the jockeys appeared. Longden, tough, able and race-track-wise, climbed aboard Fair Truckle wearing the Howard stable's silks. Barbra B. recalled by Stewart as a kind of "stringy-looking animal," showed up with a jockey who had been barred from most American tracks and who rode mainly in Mexico and in the "outlaw" racing plants. And here we come to an area that C. S. Howard had not even considered. He had set the rules, but he had forgotten the matter of spurs. Barbra B.'s jockey was wearing the longest, sharpest set of spurs Jim Stewart had ever seen. They looked like knitting needles. The ground rules were consulted. Nothing about spurs. C. S. Howard had no comeback.

So they came out onto the track where the Hollywood Park starter got them into the gate. The crowd fell silent. Suddenly, the starter turned them loose. Incredibly, Fair Truckle seemed to break on top. Then the hero of the Arizona Mafia jabbed those two syringes on his heels into Barbra B.'s flanks and—forget it, C. S. Howard.

"Barbra B. ran her into the ground," Jim Stewart remembers. "She won it by two lengths. The photo camera was never a factor. We paid off at the money track, the crowd paid off in its seats and nobody was killed.

"It was a very nice race—for everyone except Mr. Howard."

And, presumably, Barbra B. **END**

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